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THE COLLECTOR'S WHATNOT

Compiled by
CORNELIUS OBENCHAIN VAN LOOT
MILTON KILGALLEN
MURGATROYD ELPHINSTONE

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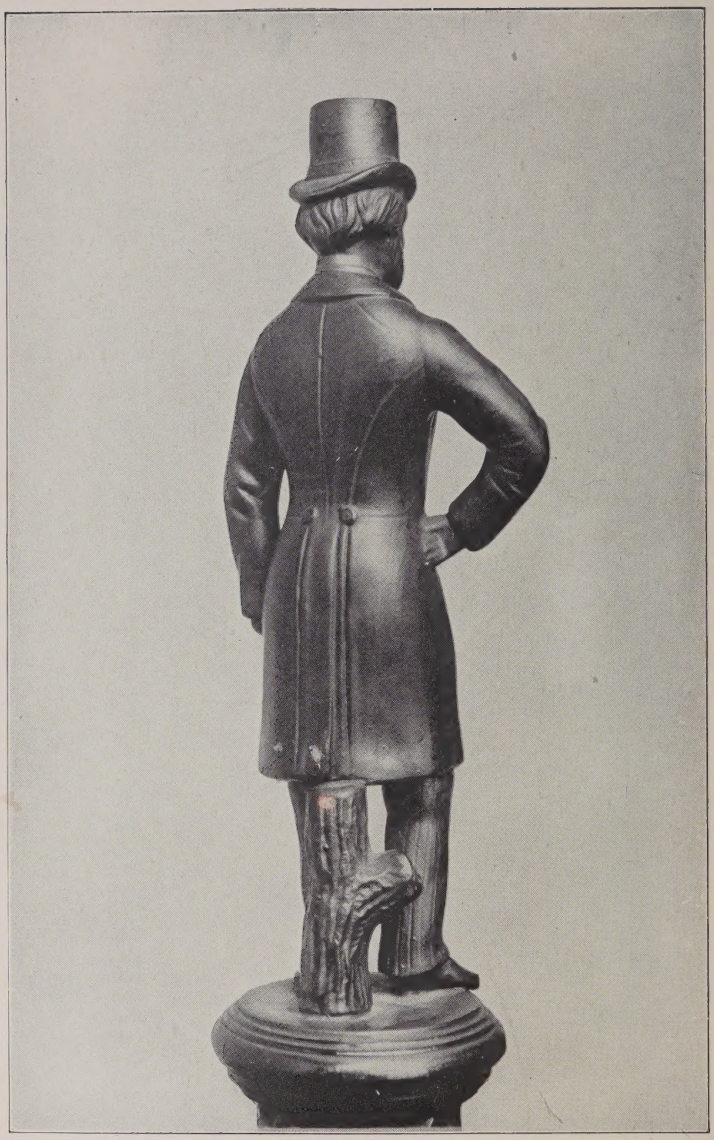

REAR VIEW OF THE STATUE OF PROFESSOR KILGALLEN IN FLORAL PARK CITY, FLORIDA

Note the manner in which the sculptress denotes motion and vibration by the addition of the stump, which expresses with one bold stroke the action of the subject in rising from meditation. Visitors to Floral Park City are advised to walk all around the statue in order to get these different expressions of mood.

Alice D. Milburn
#7444

THE COLLECTOR'S WHATNOT

A Compendium, Manual, and Syllabus of Information and Advice on all Subjects Appertaining to the Collection of Antiques, both Ancient and not so Ancient

Compiled by
CORNELIUS OBENCHAIN VAN LOOT, MILTON KILGALLEN
AND MURGATROYD ELPHINSTONE

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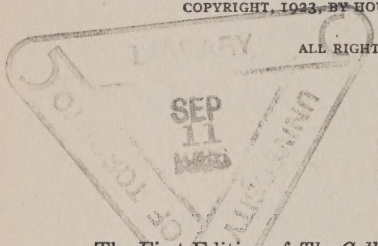

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To

The Resigned Husbands and Wives of

All True Collectors

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is most feelingly

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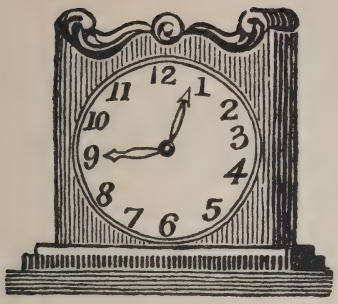

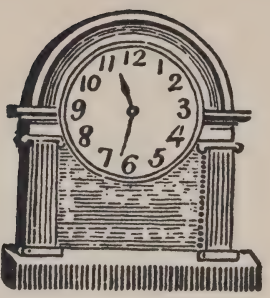

PREFACE

THE American Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities was formed on February 14, 1911, by Eben S. Twitchett, B.B.S., Cornelius Obenchain Van Loot, D.A., C.O.J., Raymond L. Pry, A.B., A.M., S.I.W., and Professor Milton Kilgallen, F.R.S., of Balliol College. The present volume is largely made up of the papers delivered by these distinguished pedants before their equally distinguished society.

The 14th of February is a red-letter day in the history of antiques and antiqueing; for the exhaustive researches and diligent labors of the members of the Academy have not only awakened untold numbers of people to the refining value of something really old, but have cleared up those highly important

moot points; that is, when does a thing cease to be merely old and become an antique; and when is an antique not an antique?

One of the finest contributions to the literature of antiques, for example, was Dr. Pry's masterly monograph on *Chisel Markings and Screw-Driver Scratches of the Lower Connecticut Valley* (Bulletin of the American Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities, Vol. IV, No. 7, pp. 3682 *et seq.*). In this monograph Dr. Pry pointed out that an old Colonial frying-pan was a genuine antique, worthy of being used as the central object in a modern mantel-ornament grouping. The workmanship, the artistry, the incomparable grace of a genuine De Ruyter frying-pan puts it in the same class with a great painting or a great ruin. A De Ruyter frying-pan in first-class shape is, in fact, infinitely preferable to some great ruins, especially if the ruins come under the head of third-class ruins.[1] On the other hand, a genuine Oppendink frying-pan, carefully made during the same year that, say, the De Ruyter frying-pan was produced, is worthless as an antique. Both are antiques,

[1] Grasswink, H. Q., *Ruins: Brick, Stone, and Human; Their Classification and Idiosyncrasies.*

yet one is not an antique. There are some who persist in buying Oppendink frying-pans and hanging them on the walls of their living-rooms, alongside a beautiful old Colonial hack-saw and a rare Colonial egg-beater; but their numbers, thanks to the magnificent, careful, and far-reaching work of the American Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities, are gradually becoming fewer.

This is only an isolated example of the Academy's efforts. Its field agents have collected, collated, segregated, documented, annotated, and filed over seventy-three hundred pounds (August 28, 1922) of reports on American-owned antiques alone. Some of them have undergone the most severe dangers; while two have even made the supreme sacrifice in their pursuit of duty. This tragedy cast a shadow over the entire Academy; for among its members there were no more ardent or well-informed students of antiques than Judson F. Rapp, Litt.D., and Herman Hymen Heller, of Cracow University. The beautiful Rapp-Heller monument, soon to be erected either in Washington, D.C., or in the lonely spot in Northern Maine where Dr. Rapp dug up the first known specimen of folding iron Colonial camping-stool, will rep-

resent the Spirit of Antiqueing in a most dignified and touching way. Sketches for this monument have already been prepared by Mrs. Claudia Gaines Gumme, the distinguished sculptress; and the accepted sketch shows a stern-visaged New-England housewife refusing to accept seven dollars from Professor Heller for a beautiful Colonial cradle, while Dr. Rapp surreptitiously examines the bottom of a ladder-back chair in the shadow of a convenient highboy.

The details of the tragedy are probably still fresh in the minds of all antique-lovers. Dr. Rapp and Professor Heller, it will be remembered, had secured for the society a flawless specimen of early well-sweep with bucket attached. They took the well-sweep and bucket to their rooms and prepared to study their treasures with the painstaking care which characterized all their efforts. Dr. Rapp was a native of Calais, Maine, and therefore had developed his New England conscience to a high degree. Professor Heller, though born in Kishinew and educated in Cracow, had thoroughly absorbed the New England traditions and ideals in the nine years he had lived in America. He often laughingly remarked that his

New England conscience had become so acute that he was thinking of changing his name to Lowell or Fitzgerald.

In making a careful examination of the well-sweep with their magnifying glasses, Dr. Rapp and Professor Heller reached markedly different conclusions as to its age. Dr. Rapp, as shown by the hasty notes which he jotted down at the time, was of the opinion that it dated back to 1683. Dr. Heller, on the other hand, basing his conclusions on the moss-layers at the end of the pole, was firmly convinced that it could not have been made prior to 1765. Each scientist labored for hours in the effort to win over the other to his views. The arguments finally became bitter, and eventually they attacked each other with their magnifying glasses, which were unusually large and heavy. The noise of the struggle was heard by several neighbors; but it was not investigated, as Professor Heller had long been accustomed to distil alcohol, sampling the results as he went along, and frequently becoming rather noisy. The neighbors, unfortunately, thought he was sampling a new batch. On the following morning, when an attendant came to clean the Professor's apartments, both Dr. Rapp

and Professor Heller were dead. This is a beautiful example of the devotion to a cause which characterizes the work of all the members of the American Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities.

The finest fruit of the work of the Academy, however, came when it commissioned Professor Milton Kilgallen, F.R.S., of Balliol College, to collate and edit the notes, papers, and reports of America's greatest antique-collectors for the benefit of the present and future generations. The monumental labors of Professor Kilgallen, which have extended over a period of seven years, cannot, of course, be included in any book weighing less than seventeen pounds. The ensuing work is merely a sketch or bird's-eye view of the Professor's toil, published in the present form by the Academy in order that antique-lovers may, in a few hours' reading, obtain an idea of the vast amount of material suitable for individual research work which has been collected in the Academy's files through the indefatigable energy and enthusiasm of Professor Kilgallen.

The Kilgallen family has long been distinguished in the realm of Arts and Sciences. Colonel Everard

Kilgallen, father of Professor Milton Kilgallen, became celebrated at the age of twenty-two for his exhaustive treatise on "The Seasonal Movements of the Potato Bug." His wife, the beautiful Sheila Catherwood-Trapp, daughter of Sir Almeric Catherwood-Trapp, D.S.O., K.C.B., F.R.G.S., was noted for her bird studies, and particularly for her inimitable paintings of the lesser flycatcher, on which she specialized. So realistic were her paintings of the lesser flycatcher that flies have actually been observed hurriedly leaving a room in which one of these works of art was hung.

This accomplished couple had two sons, Morton and Milton Kilgallen. Both, curiously, were educated at Balliol; and both became full Professors during the evening of the same day — June 21, 1906. Both sons inherited from their gifted parents the love of science and research. Professor Morton Kilgallen devoted his life to ichthyology.

Professor Milton Kilgallen had planned to devote his life to entomology. Fortunately for all antique-lovers, his first researches were made among the borers. This chance brought him in close contact with antiques; since it is among the antiques that

many of the wood-borers seem best able to function and to express their individuality. Although he has never lost interest in the borers, his early love for entomology has been abandoned in favor of his second love, antiques. He has devoted himself to the study of antiques with the enthusiasm which has always characterized the activities of the Kilgallen family. His tall, somewhat wooden figure and his rich mahogany-colored features — due, probably, to his somewhat eccentric but constant use of furniture polish as a face lotion — are familiar to antique-dealers from Odessa to Otaru and from Edinburgh to Eski-Shehir. His knowledge of antiques verges on the supernatural. Other antique-collectors cannot account for it; but he himself ascribes it to a trimonthly subcutaneous injection of the special furniture polish from his own laboratory. With the charming simplicity that always characterizes his speech and acts, he declares that if one wishes to place himself *en rapport* with an Indian, one lives like an Indian; if one wishes to familiarize himself with the gorilla, one lives the life of a gorilla as nearly as possible. If, therefore, one wishes to become thoroughly familiar with furniture, one must live like

furniture: that is to say, he must *think* like furniture. The whimsical directness and incontrovertibility of this suggestion is typical of the man; and if we are to believe him, it accounts for his penetrating knowledge of all sorts of furniture. Other collectors have tried the same system, but most of them either went blind or lost their reason.

Professor Milton Kilgallen has the largest collection of worm-holes (in furniture, of course, not in the earth or other substances) in the world. In his beautiful residence on the Maine coast is one room devoted entirely to these little miracles of patience. Some of them are plain, without edging, while others are cross-sections. It is almost impossible for Professor Kilgallen to state from day to day how many he has in his possession; but at the lowest estimate there are more than twelve thousand. Professor Kilgallen is also an ardent collector of samples of patina, or the polish which comes on ancient articles from constant handling and rubbing. These samples range all the way from an arm of a desk-chair once used by Savonarola to the elbow of a frock coat worn for several years by the Honorable William J. Bryan, which last he obtained with great difficulty. Not count-

ing kitchen utensils and garments patinated by the Professor himself, he has more than 1178 specimens of patina, which establishes a world's record for a single collection.

The American Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities counts itself fortunate to have secured the services of the world's greatest expert on antiques in the preparation of this book and in the collecting of the enormous mass of data which is always open to any member of the Academy or to any antique-collector in good and regular standing. If this book shall further the cause of antique-hunting and somewhat lighten the arduous labors of those whose lives are dedicated to finding something old to put in the house, then the American Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities shall not have come into existence in vain.

Cornelius Obenchain Van Loot, D.A., C.O.J.
President, A.A.P.A.

Floral Park City, Florida
September 30, 1923

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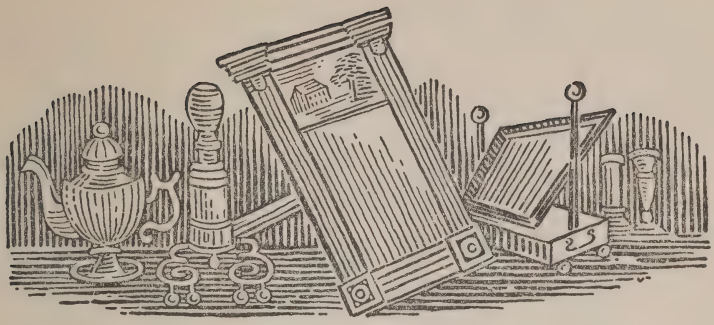
ANTIQUEING AHEAD

By

Eben S. Twitchett



ANTIQUEING AHEAD

By

Eben S. Twitchett, B.B.S., F.A.A.P.A., etc.

IT was Mr. Leslie Stephen, I believe, who remarked, of the repartees of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, that it was futile to defend them except to those who enjoyed them without defense. Some color of this same good-humored contempt, this faintly supercilious *laissez-faire* [or, as the French phrase has it, this spirit of leave it lay], has too long characterized the attitude of antiquers in general toward those who seem, to the esoteric view, at least, Philistine, gentile.

Antiquers have, as a rule, contentedly held themselves above the indignity of proselyting; a little jealous, perhaps, of their relative rarity, they have looked askance, or two, even, at those who strayed,

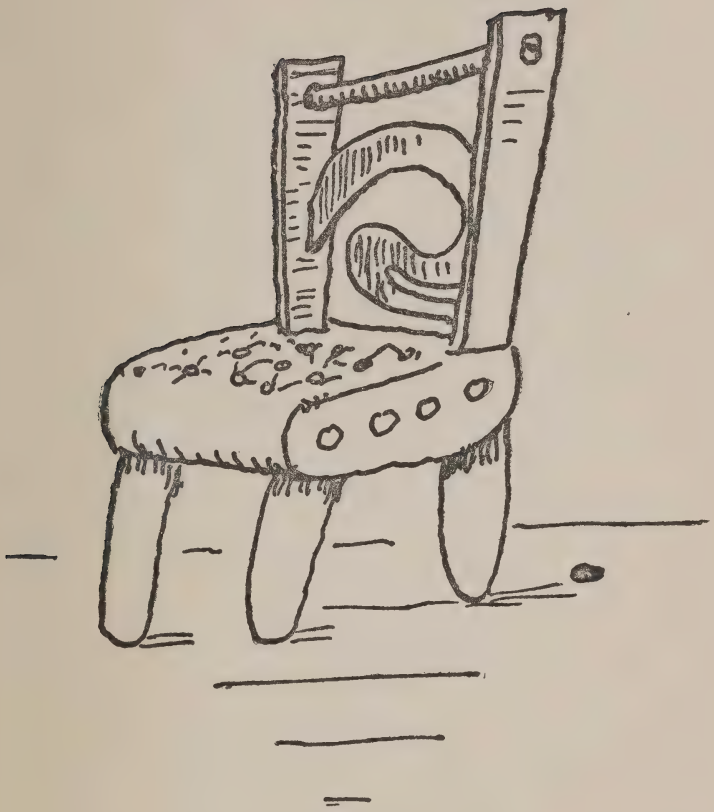
unbidden, into their company. It was, they felt, enough to be an antiquer and to antique; they knew no restless itch for converts; they believed, or affected to believe, that the antiquer is as impossible of post-natal evolution as the ventriloquist or the Ethiopian.

Herein, as Professor Kilgallen has at last made manifest, antiquers have been doubly at fault — at fault in a parochial willingness to conserve for their own behoof an avocation at once innocent, diverting, and, if individual taste so incline, remunerative; at fault again in assuming that the antiquer must needs be born [in the vernacular] that way.

These errors, happily, no longer reproach the confraternity at large. The popularization of antiqueing, under the purposeful leadership of Professor Kilgallen, is, one may assert, almost a *fait accompli*, or, as the clever Gallic dictum puts it, an accomplished fact. And it has been incidentally established, surely, that the antiquer may be made almost as expeditiously and convincingly as the antique itself.

The inspiring example of Milton Kilgallen, and the indisputable success of his endeavors, have, to-

PLATE I



OLD DUTCH OVENSIDE CHAIR WITH THE RARE PRETZEL BACK; PICKED UP IN A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SETTLEMENT BY PROFESSOR KILGALLEN

Sketch by the Professor

gether, persuaded me that I have been even more at fault than those esoteric antiquers, if I may, for the last time, so describe them, toward whom, in the pride of my peculiarity, I have felt and spoken very much as they, in turn, have felt and spoken of the Philistine proper. For years, sedulously and vigilantly I have enjoyed a monopoly of the great branch of the art and science of antiqueing which continues to preoccupy my powers. I have made no effort to interest other antiquers in my province; I have thought of them, indeed, as scarcely less pitiable than those to whom an antique is a piece of, in the vulgar idiom, junk.

Too, even had I felt a need of sympathy and envy and applause in my secret ambitions and achievements, I should have been restrained from the essay to share my enthusiasm by my fixed belief that it could be acquired in no way except that accident of inheritance by which it came to me.

Peccavi, or, in the perhaps more pungent idiom of Cicero, I have sinned. I now make confession and, as far as may be, atonement. I reveal my guarded secrets, at last, without reserve.

I am still, I believe, the only antiquer ahead, *sui*

generis, or, to adopt the scintillating Italian phrase, alone in my class. Rather, now that these lines have seen the light, *fui, non sum.* I have been, as the Latins put it, not I am. For it will be enough to whisper my revelations; there will be, to-morrow, I realize, more antiquers ahead than one can shake a stick — if the reader will indulge me in the solecism ending a sentence prepositionally — at.

To this I am resigned. Long enough have I enjoyed the sole entry to an entire tense; long enough have brother and sister antiquers rummaged in the traditional and commonplace haunts of the antique, the past; long enough have they ventured no farther than the abode of the antiquer — the present. To-morrow, forsaking these well-trodden precincts, they will join me in the virgin, but pregnant, future.

Like me, they will stoop no longer to the facile, shameful processes of searching, in cobwebbed bins and attics, for antiques which any novice must recognize, at a glance, as old. Like me, they will even smile at the enthusiasms of those who scratch in the dust and crow, like barnyard fowl, at each inevitable discovery. Like me, they will know the pure joy of

explorations and discoveries among the boundless stores of to-morrow's antiques.

I must begin at the beginning, with my birth. My destiny was predetermined by the ancestry of which I sprang. My parents, both of sturdy native stock, were by instinct mated to produce the original antiquer ahead. It was inevitable, I apprehend. It was to be. It was.

My father, worthy fellow, had no clear knowledge of his natural talent. My mother, I sometimes fancy, was remotely, dimly conscious of her gift. I can recall, as yesterday, the exalted look with which she witnessed the removal, from our stately parlor, of the array of commonplace antiques with which it had been furnished, the joy with which she and my father arranged, instead, those potential antiques which only the gropings of their common hunger recognized for what they were.

Even I, then in plaid kilts, did not at once share their delight, their understanding. I found the red plush surface of that priceless varnished oak sofa a harshly ticklesome affair; I was, to be sure, impressed by the new frosted globes adorning the gasolier, the intricate arabesques of the plaster rosette on the

ceiling, from which it sprouted downwards; I need not say, surely, that these globes, tinted a glorious winey purple, decorated with protuberant knobs and profound depressions, were none other than those very treasures of the Obenchain collection, famous in four hemispheres as the sole surviving set of admitted Roscoe Conkling gas-glass. They were, and I must marvel helplessly before the phenomenon of instinct which urged my father, a simple-minded barber in the town of Yonkers, to choose, unerringly, for the tastes of fifty years beyond!

His taste, untutored by any device of art, was all but infallible. He left me this, and with it the store of masterpieces which have, discreetly vended, placed me beyond the reach of that financial anxiety which, especially after the invention of the safety razor, clouded his declining days. My unhappy father! It was his lot to begin his profession in the full flower of the Whisker Period, and to survive those troubled years only to confront the ignoble age of the tubed cream and the tame, inglorious two-edged blade. It is impossible for me to think of him save with a filial tear, and yet how cheerful he was! How his place of business invited and allured the

intellectual society of Yonkers of his day! How the racked, lettered mugs gleamed in the gas-lights! And how the air, of a Saturday night, was gay with innocent mirth and pungent anecdote!

Thus I began, equipped by lavish Nature as if to recompense in me the leanness of my paternal lot. Our house, long before I grew to trouserable age, was filled to flowing with such a collection as not even the indefatigable burrowings of the ineffable Rapp and Heller could, in these degenerate times, assemble. In the parlor — incredible as it may sound — stood, not one, but two Ulysses Grant cuspidors, one nicked a trifle, but the other flawless — the priceless forget-me-notted Grants, I mean, not the relatively common gilt-edged type. They were even then my father's chiefest pride; I — gratified in other boyish whims — was never suffered to use either of them except by stealth. He treasured them, born antiquer that he was, undreaming that the pair would one day yield his son a thousand-fold their modest cost. I owe him for them; my mother, herself no less percipient in other lines than he, would have discarded them when, after the unforgetable visit of Moody and Sankey, my father forewent his self-indulgence

in tobacco; but his taste was true. He clung to them with a dogged, blind attachment for which I bless him still.

It was my mother who provided me with my inheritance of *objets-d'art*, or, as my Parisian friends prefer to say, objects of art. In its way her instinct was as infallible as my father's own, though possibly more limited in scope. Indefatigably she scrimped and saved to bring together the nucleus of my subsequent collection. It would be cruel, in the present era of inflation, to set forth the catalogue. My estimable colleague Van Loot, forewarned as he is, would not survive the list, even if I omitted the prices, but I owe her memory at least the tribute of some little particularity in the connection. It was she who far-sightedly sacrificed our Thanksgiving turkey to procure the figures of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, obtainable then, in the admirable porcelain work of the period, for the trifling sum of three dollars each, and even urged upon the buyer at that price by the agent of the pious firm which held the monopoly of their production. My mother, I remember, shrewdly beat him down to $2.75, and exacted that ten cents of this sum should be paid in trade at

PAIR OF WONDERFUL OLD FRENCH STATUETTES NOW THE PROPERTY OF DR. TWITCHETT

The owner has identified them as Sèvres and pronounces them portrait statuettes — No. 1, Victor Hugo in one of his moods; and No. 2, a certain Marquis de St. Quai, probably a patron of Victor Hugo.

my father's shop — the agent happily requiring his professional attention at the moment.

It was typical of her, this combination of prodigality and thrift — the distinguishing characteristic, as Professor Kilgallen has so often said, of the true antiquer. Without knowing why she did it, my mother could and did perform prodigies of economy to lavish the slow, niggard savings in which they fruited on the gratification of her driving, dominant passion for that which, she must have realized, would be one day an antique. It was what we learned to expect of her, my father and I; he complained only covertly, when our Thanksgiving dinner revealed itself to be the usual baked beans and pork, and cautioned me with emphasis against repeating in my mother's hearing the remarks he permitted himself on the subject in the relative privacy of the shop.

As zealously as my father his Grant cuspidors, so did my mother cherish and guard the images of the exhorters. They stood like tutelary saints at either extreme of our mantel-shelf, dusted by no hands but her own, at once the pride and solace of her lot. In spite of breath-stopping offers — among them the blank, signed check tendered me by Cornelius Oben-

chain Van Loot in person — I have never brought myself to part with them, although, having now become obvious antiques, they possess but a purely sentimental interest for me.

So, too, have I preserved the glass cane which our journeyman barber, a roving, sportive soul, brought with him from the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, during the closing days of the fruitful Grant Period. I cannot forget the intensity with which my mother thirsted for possession of this trophy; she gave the adventurous journeyman no peace until he consented to part with it, taking payment in the laundering of his stiff-bosomed shirt, which, indulging a taste for display perhaps out of harmony with his station, he rarely wore more than a week without having it restarched and ironed.

The cane, affixed with a bow of wide red ribbon to our parlor wall, became, presently, a proof that our family had visited the Centennial. I held my tongue in the presence of impressed visitors, learning swiftly to avoid the unstimulating truth and, no doubt, even then in vague, secret sympathy with my mother's aspirations. She must invent a reason for buying a thing at once so impractical and so little

decorative; she did not guess that she saw in it an antique beyond price; perforce she explained her purchase on the disingenuous and unworthy ground that folks would be bound to think we'd went there and bought it right off them glass-blowers our own-selves. But I knew. I understood. Even then, I must believe, I was an antiquer ahead.

For, with my own savings, one Christmas in the Arthur Period, I bought, as a gift to both parents in common, no less a treasure than a genuine Garfield toothpick-container — the miniature, in genuine pressed glass, of a silk hat, which, inverted, stood for a decade in the centre of our table on all occasions of state, and which, with its original content of tooth-picks, including four showing signs of actual use, I reluctantly disposed of to the buyer for Queen Mary's collection at a price which both modesty and my gentleman's agreement forbid me to confess.

It was only natural that I should react to the twin stimuli of inheritance and environment. My early days were spent in the constant and inspiring con-templation of articles of *vertu* which the most dis-cerning taste of the contemporary moment would not have recognized as even potentially antiques. I

could not, indeed, enter our house without contemplating the statuettes of the Christian Slaves who knelt, one on each side of the steps, mutely supplicating the beholder's piety and pity. If I would strike a sulphur match in the front hall, to light my way up the stairs to bed, I must do it on nothing less precious than a perfect specimen of the Benjamin Harrison match-holder — the peculiarly rare and exotic type, I mean, wherein a mother hen and a young chick are depicted, the mature fowl's plumage being formed cunningly of colored sand-paper and the wee chickling being made to say, in a loop issuing from its open beaklet: "Don't scratch me — scratch Mother." This, even in those unappreciative days, was held far preferable to the alternative device, wherein a frowzy vagabond is illustrated, his raiment a mosaic of sand-paper fragments, with the legend: "Scratch your matches On my patches." We possessed a number of these, in addition to the rarer article already described.

Our home, simple though it was, and afflicted always with the pressure of harsh poverty, was veritably a treasure-house of potential antiques. It was impossible to enter any room without coming under

their subtly stimulating influence — even the bathroom contained, from my earliest recollection, the most perfect specimen of the Garfield tin tub I have ever seen, and the incidental plumbing, though hidden, according to the mode of the moment, under a mask of painted pine, was in entire harmony with the spirit of this dominating piece. Our mantel, in addition to the figurines already mentioned and illustrated, was laden with the tokens of my parent's discernment and discretion. There was an all but priceless decalcomania picture on varnished wood, portraying the glories of Niagara Falls; there was a wealth of companion pieces, illustrating the Natural Bridge, Ausable Chasm, the Town-Hall of Darien, Connecticut, and an especially rare piece [*circa* '84] purporting to be merely a souvenir of Sulphur Springs Grove, Erie County, New York, and long since unobtainable except at auctioneers' sales of large and unusually complete collections.

I inherited, among other treasures, my father's unusually well-preserved file of Police Gazettes, running back to that celebrated issue in which Lillian Russell's portrait appeared for the first time. The man, simple and unpretentious as he was, possessed

a true genius for preserving such memorabilia and discarding items of little or no value. These pink pages were his pride and treasure through dark days of stress and privation; he handled them reverently, even when they were fresh from the press, and insisted that those of his patrons who examined them should treat them with circumspection. Invariably, with the advent of a new issue, the previous one, tenderly smoothed and flattened, was laid away in the closet, to be bound when occasion permitted. Connoisseurs have told me that I erred in parting with this collection when I accepted the proposals of that prince of antiquers, Morton Fitz, in 1913. I realize that the file must inevitably have appreciated heavily in value with the passage of another decade, but I have no regrets. It was too difficult for me to look over those ageing pages without yielding to the weakness of tears. *Eheu, fugaces* . . . not even in the recent era of display of certain anatomical details could the eye rest so happily on opulent, artless curves . . . the flesh-tones, too, thanks to the happy selection of the paper, were poignantly realistic. I am not sorry that I parted with them all. I am, always, an antiquer ahead, and

these had become antiques of the past. *Ave*, and farewell.

There must be an end even to the reminiscences of an antiquer. And my purpose, in this paper, has not been to excite a vain envy in the readers of the "Atlantic," [1] but rather to invite them to antique, hereafter, in the hereafter, to espouse, if they will, that all-but-maiden fancy which has beguiled my leisured hours for twice two lustrums [forty years]. They, too, if they please, may be antiquers ahead instead of back.

My great discovery of my own talent for this field of art came to me, seemingly, by chance; but, after all, who dare affirm that such things owe their origin to blind accident, that there is behind events so pregnant no purposeful and actuating Cause? Not I, of all men. I say seemingly. So be it. The way of it was this:

Workmen had demolished a decaying building which stood, in those days, within a few squares of my father's humble cottage. With other boys of the

[1] This essay, with others of Mr. Twitchett's charming papers, inevitably first saw the light in the periodical which, most happily, reflects the spirit of the antiquer.

vicinity I had looked on, fascinated by the appeal which wanton destruction must exert on youth. Like them I had dreams, too, of buried treasure below those venerable timbers, and burrowed hopefully among the litter which the wreckers left behind. One of my playmates after another kicked aside, in these explorings, a metal object. I found it, and, inspired by that inherited passion for the antique which has ruled my days, held it, examined it. A cry of joy escaped me: I detected, along one of its blunt edges, the corrosions of what seemed to me might have been spilled blood. I looked more closely still, crouching, now, shielding my treasure from the glances of the bigger boys, able, if they guessed the nature of my trove, to snatch it from me and make it theirs instead. I slunk away. In safe seclusion I looked again. There could be no doubt. To that sinister rusted edge stout, short hairs still adhered! I thrust the precious relic inside my shirt and sped homeward. In my ingenuous, artless youth I made sure that I had found a token of some ancient deed of blood; that luck had led me to a trophy such as no other youth in all Yonkers — at that day — could hope to possess. I hid it lovingly below my Sabbath

Plate II

MAGNIFICENT OLD FLAT-FRONT EARLY NEW JERSEY SIDEBOARD DISCOVERED BY PROFESSOR KILGALLEN IN AN OBSCURE PART OF NEWARK

garments in my bureau drawer, and gloated over it, in private, when the thing seemed safe.

Inevitably, I was taken in the act. My father found me fondling my relic and took it roughly from me.

"What you got there, Eb?" He held it gingerly, for his profession had, of course, made him fastidious. He was always careful of his hands, my father. He always washed them with soap, before coming home to meals, even after shaving a dozen customers! My treasure displeased his cleanly instinct, I could see.

"A murderer's knife," I whispered. "It's mine! I found it under the McWhorter house. See — there's some hairs stuck to it!"

My father flung it from him. "You'd ought to know the difference between bristles and hair — and you a barber's son! That ain't a knife — 'tain't nothin' only Dib McWhorter's old sow-scraper! Seen a hundred jes' like it! Folks used to keep 'em for hog-killin' time, when everybody kep' a pig and done his own butcherin'. Scrape the bristles with."

I was crestfallen at the sordid truth. For a moment I almost shared my father's fastidious disgust.

But, when he had gone, my instinct reasserted its control of my emotions. I recovered the sow-scraper from the rag-carpet where it lay. I replaced it reverently in its hiding-place. Why? I told myself, then, that my father was wrong; that it was no sow-scraper, but in truth the instrument of some forgotten, gory deed. I clung to it. And, later, when it had lost its first vivid appeal, I fetched it down to exhibit it to that great patron of antiqueing, no less a person than Cornelius Obenchain Van Loot himself.

He had stumbled on our humble dwelling in one of his tireless searches for the antique — quests which, the world knows, have led him even farther afield than Yonkers and Poughkeepsie. He had bought from my mother an excellent set of bedroom enamelware [*circa* '88] and his appetite had been whetted by the success. He wanted more. I remembered my relic. This man, to my untutored eye, seemed artless and even a little contemptible — an opinion in which, I perceived, my mother concurred. [He possessed then, as now, that remarkable faculty of the gifted antiquer for convincing vendors of his complete simplicity.] I might persuade him, I reflected, that the bristles were human hair; it seemed unlikely that he

could be expert in such distinctions, unless he had been, like me, a barber's son. I shall not soon forget his cry of joy as his eye fell on my scraper. It was the one time in my acquaintance with him that he permitted himself to betray satisfaction before a bargain had been closed. It cost him, on this occasion, twenty dollars.

"By all the gods, a sow-scraper — a genuine, unquestionable sow-scraper, with bristles, intact, in excellent condition! Boy, did you come honestly by this? No tricks, now! Is it your own to sell?"

I established, with my mother's ardent corroboration, my character and my title. The great Van Loot believed, at last.

"Priceless," I heard him murmur. "Perfect! Superb!" and then aloud, to me: "Little man, I'll give you twenty dollars for this old piece of iron. Twenty dollars — !"

"I guess you will," I said, even then actuated by the instinct of the antiquer. "Who wouldn't? See any green in my eye?" [A phrase since fallen into disuse, but at that date much in favor.] "You gimme fifty and we'll talk."

We compromised at forty. It was a triumph

rather for my family than for me, for my mother expropriated the cash before I could escape, and subsequently invested it, happily for me, on a mustache-cup dutifully gilt-lettered "Father," a small bone carved in the crude semblance of a human hand and attached to a long slender rod [an instrument employed, as all antiquers know, in the day of red-flannel underwear, for the comforting purpose of scratching an itching back without the tiresome routine of removing clothes], and a pottery sculpture of a pug-dog, which articles, ripened into antiques by the amiable, intervening years, yielded me some thousands per centum on the investment. But the episode was far more significant than it seemed, in its effect upon my life.

Forty dollars was the price current of a sow-scraper. I consulted my father, cannily. They had been made, it appeared, by the local smith, at a uniform price of twenty-five cents. His memory is accurate. Informed of the transaction he used emphatic speech in regretting his failure to lay in a stock, in the days of plenty. It would have paid better, he averred, than barbering for Jay Gould himself, or curling Ferd Ward's own whiskers!

From that day I was a blooded antiquer ahead. I have no passion for the merely old; it would be as unexciting, for me, to delve and seek for treasure in dusty corners, after the habit of the commonplace antiquer, as to angle for goldfish in a glass bowl. I play the nobler game. I antique, not in yesterday, but in to-morrow.

Ah, the fascination of it! The intoxication of tearing the veil from the inscrutable hereafter, the blood-quickening element of risk, as one selects and stores away the antiques of to-morrow-years, against the day of rarity and famine! Ah, the triumph of a well-stocked bin, sealed till the day of reckoning! I have enjoyed these delights alone; I share them, now, with those who have the soul to follow in my steps.

Since the closing days of the first Cleveland Period, I have systematically antiqued ahead, privately, unadvertised, secretly exulting. Even now, those earlier bins and cupboards have begun to justify my penetrating choice. Who, of all the unthinking thousands who beheld the wired bustle in its heyday, thought to preserve a full dozen against to-day? Who, but Eben S. Twitchett, ridiculed as a crank and a fanatic by his neighbors, unhonored and

unsung by myopic antiquers, the prey of dealers in alley trash?

Who, but Eben S., had the forethought to store, in ample camphor, a perfect set of Harrison red flannels, and no less than six petticoats of the same material and date? Who, of all the gray-haired collectors who seek and cherish them to-day, but might have laid by as full a stock as mine of lapel-buttons [*circa* '94] bearing the obsolete argot of the period — quip and jest which have all but lost their significance now? Or the buttons advertising bicycles — The Rambler and the Tribune — built with a truss — the Victor and Columbia and Pierce? Who had the wit and courage to store away the stereoscopes and the twin photographs that in them found perspective — priceless and unattainable to-day? The Chinese Tea Pickers? The Yellowstone? Brooklyn Bridge? Who boasts of these but Eben S. Twitchett, with his mid-ninety bin crammed to overflow with perfect specimens? Who stored the spun-glass trinkets of the Chicago Fair? Who, if he chose, might break the market in cylindrical phonograph records of "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever"? Who, I ask, possesses one gross

of American flags of the McKinley Period, each exquisitely inscribed with its "Remember the Maine — to hell with Spain"? Who can supply collectors with uncut, first edition pamphlet copies of the Great Cross of Gold oration, each with its rare Bryan print — that almost unobtainable portrait including hair?

The reader bears with my little pæan of triumph. These things are history, among antiquers of high degree and low and middle. But who, of all those who beat on Eben S. Twitchett's doors to-day, who plead and supplicate for even a peep into the sealed bins of the Roosevelt Epoch, who, of all these, has the courage to antique, in this year 1923, for the antiquers of to-morrow?

Eben S. Twitchett has. Time, the great revealer, shall one day let in full light on the storerooms where his treasures are laid down, to-day as yesterday. What will Time see there? Ah, that is for each forward-looking antiquer to determine for himself. I cannot bring myself to share too many of my secrets, even now. And the true antiquer would regret a guidance too exact; the allure of the avocation lies, for the select few who find the true spirit of the art,

in the very element of doubt. One may lay down the wrong thing; it may never achieve the quality of an antique. Who can tell?

For me, I put away, from time to time, such trifles as commend themselves to my tried instinct. Just now, by way of illustration, I am putting down a complete line of felt pennants such as the travelling public loves to flaunt from burdened Fords — Brick Creek, Iowa — Wappingers' Falls — Keeseville and Ogunquit. These must, one day, be seen as rare and lovely things; I give the hint for what it may be worth. The pocket-flask, too — the still — the vanity-case — the cigar-lighter — and the flower-holder with which the stately limousine must be equipped — the photographs of screen divinities! It will not be long before I shall unseal my bin of portraits where J. Warren Kerrigan and Francis X. Bushman, autographed, await the questing antiquer's delighted eye.

Only yesterday, I sold the last of my cigarette pictures. Della Fox! I had a hundred of her, once. It seemed impossible for us Yonkers boys, trading acutely in that fresh, delighted loveliness, that it could ever be antique! I must have felt, intuitively,

PLATE III

FROM PROFESSOR KILGALLEN'S COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFUL OLD WOOD-CARVINGS

Figure of Pocahontas; believed to be the work of John Alden

even then, that it must be. Wanting that intuition, too, I would not have stored away the thumbed installments of my nickel weeklies — those precious specimens that one may view, now, under glass, on free days, at the Metropolitan Museum of Antiques.

Time has done it. And time will do it again. Antiquer, antique, but antique ahead!

HINTS FOR BUYING FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES

By

Cecilia Lefingwell Prynne (Mrs. Gütz)

HINTS FOR BUYING FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES

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Cecilia Lefingwell Prynne (Mrs. Gütz)

IF, in passing a New-England farmhouse, you see a fine piece of old furniture through the open front doorway [which is not probable, as the front doors are seldom used], or if perchance you spy upon the veranda, or in the fairway beside the barn, some rare old bit of glass, a bow-backed pine Windsor chair, a tambo-door sideboard, or a hooked rug, or any other article you may wish to purchase, it will be well for you not to approach the subject directly, but in a somewhat roundabout manner, as the peasants of this section are [on account of bitter experience] extremely suspicious of strangers; and if they perceive that you wish to buy

anything of them, they are likely to become instantly so fond of the object of your desire that they will decline to part with it; or they may get the notion that you are connected with the prohibition enforcement laws and are merely disguising your real interest in how hard their cider has turned. Therefore the editors have asked me to prepare a few model dialogues which may be found useful in this connection. The form of approach suggested can profitably be studied by the motorist collector.

Dialogue One

[*Mr. B., a Chicago collector of hooked rugs, has observed a fine specimen hanging on a clothes-line beside a New Hampshire farmhouse. Mr. B. descends from his car and approaches the proprietor, who is sawing wood near the kitchen wing.*]

Mr. B.: Good-morning. I stopped to inquire if you have a calf for sale.

Peasant: Did ye?

Mr. B.: I am willing to pay quite a good price for an original she-calf in fair condition.

Peasant: Be ye?

Mr. B.: I would pay $350 for a really excellent she-calf.

OLD NEW ENGLAND PRINT OF THE FIRST MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY FOR THE POPULARIZATION OF ANTIQUITIES

From the collection of Miss Cora Kilgallen Brütche, of Appleby, Pa., two (and possibly three) of whose ancestors took part in the meeting.

Peasant: Let's see the money.

Mr. B. [*displaying the sum mentioned*]: But *have* you such a calf?

Peasant: Yes; but I wouldn't never sell her under $355.

Mr. B.: Done with you at $355! Go fetch her. But stay; — I have nothing to wrap her in.

Peasant: What ye want to wrap her fer?

Mr. B. [*laughing graciously*]: It is customary in the city to wrap all purchased articles, and besides she might take cold. Let me see what you have to wrap this she-calf in. Ah! There is a worthless old hooked rug. *That* will do to wrap my purchase in.

Peasant: Well, I don't know. That there rug's wuth somethin'. I'll have to charge ye two dollars extry for the rug.

Mr. B. [*restraining his excitement, handing the peasant* $2.00 *and removing the rug from the clothes-line*]: Very well. I hereby purchase the rug; and upon second thoughts I find I have no definitely pressing need for a she-calf at this time. Good-morning and the best of luck to you!

Dialogue II

Mrs. C. [*wishing to buy for her salon in New York a fine old white pine fan-backed rocking-chair she has discovered upon a farmhouse veranda*]: Can you tell me if there is a family of the name of Pibuddy living in this vicinity?

Peasant: No, I can't.

Mrs. C.: Or Littlefield?

Peasant: Never heard of 'em.

Mrs. C.: Or Smith?

Peasant: They's some Smiths up at Baxter's Dam Corners. Them who ye lookin' fer?

Mrs. C.: Yes. They are the very ones. I want to take them a cradle for their baby, as they are relatives of mine. Have you a cradle for sale?

Peasant: No, I ain't.

Mrs. C.: Or any watermelons, perhaps?

Peasant: Don't grow none.

Mrs. C.: I'm *so* sorry. I haven't seen these dear old cousins of mine for *so* long; and I *did* want to take them some little thing to please them. I'd give as high as three or four dollars for a cradle or a watermelon.

Peasant: I don't see no way to oblige ye.

Mrs. C. [*affecting to discover the rocking-chair*]: Oh, *I* know what we could do. My chauffeur is very ingenious. I could give you forty cents for that old chair and he can make a cradle out of it as we go along.

Peasant: That chair's wuth more'n forty cents. It's wuth a dollar if it's wuth a penny!

Mrs. C. [*handing the peasant a dollar*]: Thank you! Please place it in my car. [*Exit.*]

Dialogue III

Miss D. [*entering country general store because she has seen through the window a magnificent* 1804 *Seneca grate-burner stove with a fire-back showing the arms of Massachusetts which she wishes to add to her collection*]: Have you by chance seen a lost Mexican hairless dog with one white forefoot, three brown, and a slight limp?

Storekeeper: Who?

Miss D.: I am looking for a lovely little dog without any hair and very susceptible to low temperatures.

Storekeeper: We don't handle none.

Miss D.: He is lost, but I should fear to find him

here because your store is so chilly and he would lack warmth. I wonder you do not buy a new stove. Permit me to send you one.

Storekeeper: Who be ye?

Miss D.: I will give you my address. [*Hands him her card.*] I fear if my lost little hairless dog should wander in here he would find the air too cold. On that account I wish to offer you a modern stove in place of that fearful old thing yonder. When the new stove arrives, will you be so kind as to have this old one shipped to me, express charges collect, as a slight compensation for the trouble I am taking on account of my dear little dog's health?

Storekeeper: If you send me a new stove, I'll *do* it, by 'Ory!

Miss D.: That is all I wished to ascertain. Thanking you — [Exit *laughingly*.]

Dialogue IV

[*Professor K., the well-known historian, has heard that a Fisherman of Martha's Vineyard owns a set of Venetian glass comfit boxes once the property of Henri Quatre. He enters the Fisherman's shack.*]

Prof. K.: Good-morning. I am interested in get-

ting your opinion of a set of Whitman, bound in green cloth or morocco at your option. May I show you —

Fisherman: No, ye can't. I don't take no interest in politics.

Prof. K.: Then perhaps I could get your opinion of a line of haberdashery I carry. My own necktie, or scarf, if you prefer that term, is an example. Do you like it?

Fisherman: Can't say as I don't: can't say as I do.

Prof. K.: It would become *you* better than it does me. Let me exchange it with you for some bait. I observe that you keep your clams for bait in those funny-looking little red glass boxes, yonder. I will give you my necktie for the clams, but I shall have to ask for the boxes also, since the nude clams would soil my pockets.

Fisherman: No. Them glass boxes was left to me by my grandmother and I wun't throw 'em in with no clams.

Prof. K.: As you will. But how am I to carry the clams unless I have the boxes? Ah! I have it! I will borrow them of you and return them by a messenger from my hotel.

Fisherman: How do I know ye will?

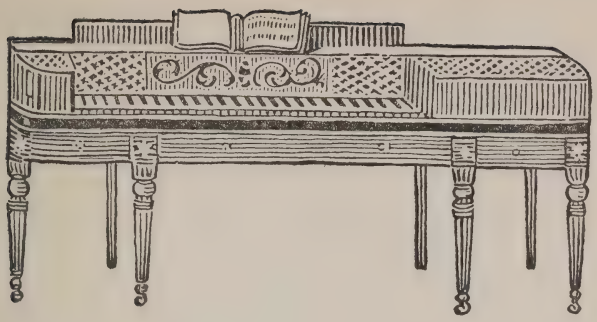
Prof. K.: I will leave my hat, coat, and trousers as security. [*He removes them as he speaks, and ties the scarf about the Fisherman's throat.*] There, look in the cheval glass and see how vastly it improves you. I will return the glass boxes by the messenger and you will kindly give him my clothes. Au revoir! [*He takes the comfit boxes upon his back and instantly swims with them to the mainland.*][1]

[1] It was by following these hints that the Rockfund collection of *petiteries* was largely made. Collectors will do well to wear several suits of clothes.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

By

MURGATROYD ELPHINSTONE



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

By

Murgatroyd Elphinstone, A.B., A.M., F.R.F.H.A.
(*Lecturer on Scrollwork and Frets at Sinsabaugh University*, 1917–18)

THE secret of antique-collecting is persistence. My friend G——, who spent three years of her life walking through the mud and dust of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont roads in an attempt to locate the Log-Cabin-With-Flag-And-Cider-Barrel cup-plate, which she needed to round out her set of cup-plates, claims that the true secret of antique-collecting is good health. She is no judge, however, as she encountered a series of unusual misfortunes in her search for the missing cup-plate. First she was caught in a bad northeaster without her goloshes, and developed a severe case of rheumatic fever.

Then she fell down and broke her arm. Shortly after that she was struck by lightning. And a little while later she was run over by a Ford which appeared from nowhere as she was trudging up a mountain-side one glorious golden morning in search of a farmer who was reputed to use cup-plates as fly-poison receptacles. G——, in her droll New England manner, throws me into convulsions by saying that she thinks the Ford, like Topsy, just growed. I am sure that if G—— had persisted in continuing her search for the missing cup-plate, even though she had to travel on crutches, she would eventually have been successful. Therefore I say that the secret of antique-collecting is persistence.

It is persistence that brings to light the unexpected treasure. It is persistence that effects unexpected results. It is persistence that enables the antique-collector to secure for fifty cents or one dollar a genuine antique that is worth from one hundred to five hundred dollars until it is put up for sale at an auction, when it isn't worth so much.

A guiding star for all antique-collectors, whether amateur or professional, may be found in the adventures of the old Elon D. Whipplefish house just

STATUE ERECTED TO PROFESSOR KILGALLEN IN FLORAL PARK CITY, FLORIDA, BY GRATEFUL CITIZENS OF THAT COMMUNITY

Professor Kilgallen himself kindly took the entire responsibility for raising the fund for the beautifying of Floral Park City by the erection of this splendid bronze, which is the work of Mme. Olga Mugsawflovich of Moscow.

outside the little town of Sunkset, one of those delightful little settlements surrounded by cranberry bushes, sand, and Down East accents on quaint and picturesque Cape Cod. The Elon D. Whipplefish house was built in 1742 by Isaiah Thrasher, a direct descendant of the Marjoribank family of Lower Tooting-on-Wye, England, one or more of whose members came to America on the Mayflower. Considerable haziness exists concerning the descendants of the Marjoribanks family owing to the fact that the name was pronounced Marshunk by those familiar with English pronunciation, and that some American records refer to the Marjoribanks as Marsh or as Shawbank or as Bunk, owing to the difficulty of properly separating the pronunciation and the spelling.

At any rate, Isaiah Thrasher was a descendant of the one or more members of the Marjoribanks family who came to America on the Mayflower; and he inherited from his ancestor a number of rare old pieces of English furniture, including a very fine old chest. The top of this chest was missing, the feet were worn away, and several of the boards had been removed, stolen or lost from the front and sides. Nevertheless

it was a very fine old chest, and very rare. Probably not more than twenty-eight or thirty of these chests, all told, were brought over in the Mayflower. He also owned an extremely fine cradle of the same general type as that which is said to have sheltered Peregrine White, who attained fame by being born among the furniture of the Mayflower, though there are some who say that some of the furniture had to be moved out before Peregrine could get in. This cradle was of wicker and had probably been made in the Orient, whence it was brought to Holland, and there picked up, just before the Mayflower sailed, by one of the Marjoribanks family who had a fine eye for odd pieces of furniture. Another of his possessions was a beautiful turned chair with an unusual number of spindles. It had so many spindles that any one who sat in it could easily spend two or three hours counting the spindles. This came over in the Mayflower, and was unusually rare, owing to the fact that most of the Mayflower tourists eschewed chairs and stuck to larger and more space-filling pieces of furniture, like desks, whatnots, highboys, lowboys, clocks, bedsteads, and chests. Most of them were evidently content to sit on the floor

or lean against a highboy, when not asleep or in motion.

The mere fact that Isaiah Thrasher inherited these rare and beautiful pieces of furniture from his ancestors filled him with a love for the good and the beautiful. When, therefore, he moved from Plymouth to Sunkset in 1742 in search of more religious freedom than obtained in Plymouth, the farmhouse that he built conformed in every way to the best standards of Colonial architecture. The doorway was perfect; all of the beams were hand-hewn of the finest oak; the balustrades on the staircases were as gracefully curved as the lines of a woman's throat; the fine corner cupboards throughout the house were gems of the joiner's art; the fireplaces were generous and hospitable, flanked by settles, brick ovens, and cupboards of pumpkin pine, and duly decorated with spits, cranes, pot-hooks, trammels, trivets, and sturdy andirons.

Isaiah Thrasher found all the religious freedom for which he sought in Sunkset; for there was practically nothing in Sunkset but religious freedom and cranberries. He died at the age of eighty-two, and his house passed into the hands of his nephew, Jared

Titcomb, who was noted on Cape Cod for being the champion cranberry-sauce-eater of the district, and also for having accounted for three British soldiers just after the battle of Concord by pushing a stone wall over on them. Jared Titcomb in turn bequeathed the house to his son-in-law, Rufus Whipplefish, who was noted for nothing, so far as can be learned; and when Rufus died, the house descended to his son, Elon D. Whipplefish, who had the reputation of making the hardest cider in Duke's County. It was from this owner that the house took its name — the Elon D. Whipplefish house — and it was through this owner that I became familiar with the house, its history, and its contents.

The house stood well out on the outskirts of Sunkset, surrounded by a heavy growth of apple trees, pine trees, lilacs, willows, rosa rugosa, actinidia arguta, stinkbush, poplars, and cranberries. For this reason it had been overlooked by antique-hunters, who buzz around Cape Cod in the spring, summer, and autumn with the same eagerness with which flies buzz around a cow in September.

I shall never forget the thrill which shot through me, therefore, when my friend L——, who rather

fancies himself as an antique-collector, but who never knows enough to collect anything until some one has told him that it is worth collecting, came to me one day and stated that he had visited an old house near Sunkset, but that there was nothing in it worth having. In fact, said he, the old man who owned the house was probably a nut, since he was saving an old chest that had no top and no legs, and looked like something the cat brought in.

The flash of second-sight which should be possessed by all true antique-lovers, and which almost never deserts me except when I am confronted by a reproduction so perfect as to deceive even the man who made it, warned me that this chest was probably something very rare and unusual, and possibly even a most important piece of Americana. With an air of careless unconcern perfected by years of antique-hunting — an air, I may add, which must be cultivated by all persons who hope to make a success of antiqueing — I obtained from my friend L—— complete directions as to the location of the House Of The Chest. As soon as L—— had gone on his way, I dropped my air of unconcern, snatched up a pint flask of gin, which I find to be of inestimable

value in dealing with the stern and rockbound New-Englanders, and hastened at once to Sunkset.

It was a brisk autumn day, and the odor of stinkbush was particularly apparent as I made my way through the grove of trees which surrounded the Elon D. Whipplefish house. I shall never smell stinkbush again without thinking of that red letter day; though I must confess that at the time it depressed me slightly.

Mr. Whipplefish was seated in his beautiful old kitchen with his feet resting comfortably in a beautiful old brick oven; and as I knocked at his back door, he cried out in his kindly New England manner that he didn't want any, and to go away. Pretending to misunderstand his words, I opened the door and walked in. Then, lest there be any unpleasantness, I dropped my hat as though by accident, and in stooping to pick it up permitted the pint flask of gin to slip from my breast pocket and fall into my hat. This is a gesture which has saved the day for me on many and many an occasion where all seemed to be lost save honor. A few days of practice will enable any one to drop a pint flask from his breast pocket and catch it unharmed in his hat with the utmost nonchalance.

Having done this, I affected great embarrassment and looked at the flask ruefully, as though it had betrayed me in an embarrassing manner. Mr. Whipplefish's manner at once became more affable, and he asked me with gruff Cape Cod hospitality what I wanted.

One thing led to another, and by the time we had consumed the pint of gin, he was permitting me to examine the furnishings of his home without protest.

The briefest examination of the topless and legless chest sufficed to convince me that I had encountered a genuine treasure. All of the worm-holes of the tertiary class bore the unmistakable stigmata of the Dutch worms of the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Those familiar with Dr. Christian Eisenbach's [1] monumental work on the furniture worm will recall that a peculiar recurrence of frosts during several successive winters in Holland so affected the nervous systems of the Dutch furniture worms that they bored to the left in successive *échelons*, or steps, and cut into the borings of the worms beyond them.

The best test of the Dutch worm of the first quar-

[1] *Bores and Borings.* Dr. Christian Eisenbach. Leipzig, 1847.

ter of the seventeenth century is to place the forefinger over any worm-hole in a given space, place the lips over the worm-hole next to the left of the obstructed orifice, and blow firmly into it. If the hole is a true Dutch hole of the early seventeenth century, a small cloud of dust will emerge from the hole next to the one in which the blower is blowing and will usually enter his eye.

If it is not a seventeenth-century Dutch hole, the blower can blow all day without obtaining any noteworthy results except a flushed face.

My first venture in applying this test to the Whipplefish chest resulted in a cloud of dust which entered my eyes, nose and ears and nearly choked me. Succeeding tests on other holes resulted in similar clouds of dust of such proportions that I was at length forced to desist in order to remove the accretions from my eyes.

This was incontrovertible proof that the chest had been in existence in Holland during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and that it had undoubtedly been acquired by the Pilgrims during their enforced vacation in Leyden before sailing for America in the Mayflower.

Plate IV

PRICELESS BIT OF OLD STAFFORDSHIRE WARE (A PAPER-WEIGHT) COLLECTED BY PROFESSOR KILGALLEN

Cursory glances around the interior of the Whipplefish house, after my eyes had been cleared with the assistance of Mr. Whipplefish and a little gin and water, revealed, in addition to the cradle and the spindled chair which I have mentioned, some very fine old wrought-iron latches and H and L hinges on the doors, which were in themselves beautiful specimens of the art. The lintels and sills of the doors were simply but exquisitely carved; while the oak rafters which held up the ceilings were so mellowed and patinated by age that their rugged strength was most attractive. All of the downstairs rooms were sheathed in boards of pumpkin pine nearly three feet in width and without a knot in them.

How symbolical of the changes that have taken place in our country is the pine, that simplest of trees! In the earnest, upright, early days of America, the pine grew without knots. To-day every pine tree has so many knots in it that a person must rise at midnight in order to get them counted before breakfast. And similarly, to-day, the ancient ideals of honor and honesty seem to have departed from us. This is particularly apparent to one who moves much in antique circles. Behind each corner lurks a human

harpy who would gladly take candy from a child or use a sand-bag if all else fails.

Concealing my passionate desire to relieve Mr. Whipplefish of all his belongings, I dismissed the subject of antiques as being of no consequence, and spoke at some length with him concerning gin. When he voiced his appreciation of the flavor of my particular brand, I informed him that it was genuine pre-war gin, and that it was practically priceless.

While this was not strictly true, I had none the less manufactured it according to a tried receipt given to me by an employee of the Cuban Legation in Washington who dispenses great quantities — which he makes himself — as genuine pre-war gin. His statements are believed in Washington; and the gin is used at many important social functions in the capital and always spoken of reverently as pre-war gin. Consequently I believe that I am within my rights in speaking of it in the same way.

When I had made plain to him the extremely valuable nature of the gin, I told him frankly that since he seemed to have a discriminating taste in such things, I was willing to let him have an entire quart of it, and that in exchange I was willing to take his

old chest as a pleasant reminder of my visit to Cape Cod.

After some grumbling Mr. Whipplefish agreed to this exchange, whereupon I repaired to my room in the Sunkset House, mixed the gin, and hastened back to the Whipplefish home with it. I carried the chest away the same day, and have since refused an offer of two hundred dollars for it.

During the next two days I did not go near the Whipplefish house; but at the expiration of the two days — which, in Mr. Whipplefish's case, I judged to be about the life of one quart of gin — I returned and found him in a state of nerves.

The antique-collector must learn to be patient. Nothing is gained by rushing matters. If I had gone to Mr. Whipplefish before he had finished the gin, I could have done very little business with him probably. The antique-collector must also learn restraint. If I had offered Mr. Whipplefish a case of gin for his chest instead of one quart, he would probably have smelled a rat. He might have held the chest for a higher price, or he might have had the gin analyzed. Either course would have caused me considerable embarrassment.

At any rate, I found him in a state of nerves on my second visit. The offer of another quart in return for his cradle met with an instant response. I subsequently sold the cradle for six hundred dollars. On my third visit I got the spindled chair for three quarts of gin. I am holding this chair for fifteen hundred dollars [1] and expect to get it.

By this time Mr. Whipplefish was growing somewhat accustomed to my presence, and seemed almost willing that I should help myself to whatever I wanted so long as I placed a bottle or two of pre-war gin in his hand as a little token of remembrance and esteem.

For two bottles of gin per room I was permitted to remove the pumpkin pine wainscoting from the downstairs walls of the Whipplefish house. I used a part of it to sheathe my own library, which has been pictured many times in the pages of *The House Elegant;* and the remainder I sold for seven hundred and forty-five dollars.

The doors of the inside rooms cost me one quart apiece, with the hardware thrown in. The big front

[1] Prospective buyers will kindly communicate with the publishers. — *Eds.*

door and carved sills with a graceful fanlight came higher. That cost me half a case, but it was worth it, as I have since refused an offer of twelve hundred dollars for it.

This purchase also caused me a large amount of worry; for Mr. Whipplefish, not being so young as he once was, fell downstairs several times during the half-case period, and led some people to think that he might die of over-exertion. In fact, he was found in a rigid state by neighbors two or three times before the six bottles were gone, and was thought to be dead; but each time he proved merely to be ossified, and came back to life before the undertaker arrived.

My feelings may well be imagined during this trying time. Since there were several things which I still wished to remove from the Whipplefish house, my anxiety over his condition was naturally tremendous. It affected me to such an extent that my hand slipped on one occasion when I was mixing a batch of gin, and I got in twice as much essence as I should. I was forced to throw away an entire quart of alcohol.

Eventually Mr. Whipplefish finished the six bottles without succumbing; and after allowing him several days in which to recover, I returned to the chase.

He was, of course, very glad to see me, and did not demur at all when I gave him two bottles and removed the big brick fireplace with its quaint brick oven from the kitchen. I could easily get five hundred dollars for this fireplace if I wished to take the money; but I put Art above Commercialism, like every true lover of the Beautiful. I shall always keep this quaint and hospitable hearth, unless somebody offers me so much money that I cannot refuse.

My final purchase from Mr. Whipplefish and the celebrated old Whipplefish house was made on July 14th. I remember the day very well, for it is the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile. Hereafter the date will always be associated in my mind with two falls.

Early on the morning of that day I called on Mr. Whipplefish and found him shaking all over. His first question was, "Got any gin?" I at once realized that the time was ripe to get the magnificent hand-hewn oak beams in the kitchen — beautiful things that I had coveted ever since I started coming to the house. Mr. Whipplefish was wholly reckless at that time, and insisted on a higher price than I cared to pay; but the beams were such rare and delightful

pieces that I threw caution to the winds. Mr. Whipplefish, with his Yankee cunning gleaming in his little blue eyes, insisted on an entire case of gin in return for these beams.

And I — I paid it. It may have been foolish of me to do so; but the lure of the antique, which no true collector can resist, led me on. I gave him the case for which he asked. Then I took out the beams.

As I was loading them on the team to take them away, kindly old Mr. Whipplefish stood in the doorway of the historic old Whipplefish house, waving a partly empty bottle around his head and crooning an old Cape Cod melody to me by way of farewell. Unfortunately, in the middle of the song, the bottle struck the side of the doorway. The house, weakened by the many removals, at once collapsed, burying Mr. Whipplefish in the remains.

July is the busy season on Cape Cod; and since it was supposed that Mr. Whipplefish had been killed, no effort was made to dig him out on that day. On the following morning, however, he was heard crying for more gin; so a number of natives rather reluctantly desisted from their regular summer occupation of relieving the summer visitor of his bank-roll, and

dug him out. He was little the worse for wear, for he had shielded the partly filled gin bottle with his body as the house caved in on him, and the stimulant had eased the trying hours.

This, however, was not the end of the old Whipplefish house. A few months after the collapse a retired harness manufacturer from Rochester, New York, who was travelling on Cape Cod in search of the antique and the quaint, passed the ruins of the old Elon D. Whipplefish house, lying amidst the pine trees, poplars, stinkbush and cranberries.

As I have said before, persistence is at the root of all successful antiqueing. W——, the retired harness manufacturer, for some unknown reason made up his mind that he wished to restore the Elon D. Whipplefish house to the exact state in which it was before its collapse.

Under his guiding hand and bank-roll it rose again amid the poplars, pines, and stinkbush. All Cape Cod yielded up its treasures to him, and almost every family on the Cape enriched itself from the Bright fortune. If they didn't have genuine antiques to sell him, they manufactured them. To-day the Elon D. Whipplefish house stands in Sunkset, a mon-

Plate V

RARE BIT OF OLD WORCESTERSHIRE WARE

Table ornament collected by Professor Kilgallen. The little circles are all in gilt.

ument to Isaiah Thrasher and the Marjoribank family from whom he descended.

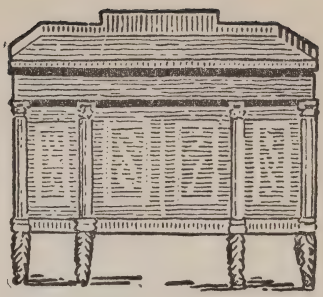
W—— paid Elon D. Whipplefish three thousand dollars for the lot and the ruins; and with this money Elon bought into a nice two-masted schooner. He went into the business of running rum up from the Bahamas; and when he saw the stuff that goes into the bottles that he sold, he went on the water-wagon. In a little over a year's time he became a wealthy man, and bought a house on Mount Vernon Street in Boston, where he could be near the movies and the atmosphere from which his distant ancestor, Isaiah Thrasher, had fled in 1742.

OLD RUGS, OLD IRON OLD BRASS, OLD GLASS

A Brief Brochure on the Search For the Antique

By a Professional

JARED P. KILGALLEN



OLD RUGS, OLD IRON OLD BRASS, OLD GLASS

A Brief Brochure on the Search For the Antique

By a Professional

JARED P. KILGALLEN, J.D. and R.P.
(*A Second-Cousin of Professor Kilgallen*)

THE lure of the antique! Who is there that has not thrilled and flushed at the words?

I confess at the outset: I am a collector and you may even call me by that damning word "dealer," too, if you choose, since, like all non-amateur collectors, I part with items of my collection from time to time; or, if you prefer to put it so, from day to day. No collection is a permanency until it is established in an endowed museum: all private collections are constantly in a state of fluctuation, or

flux; for the taste of the true collector is as constantly altering. Other contingencies also affect collections. For instance, no collection of Colonial utensils is safe from carelessness, and I have known a pair of the virtually priceless old hand-wrought 1852 B-mark Brunswick sheep-clippers to be thrown out upon an ash-heap by an Irish housemaid under the impression that they were valueless even to herself. (I know this because those very clippers formed a temporary part of my own possessions immediately afterward.)

Every collector is aware also that after the visits of even the best-introduced people almost any small article in a collection may be missing; and under such circumstances the tracing of the lost item may prove too embarrassing to be considered. My good friend, Dr. G—— R—— Vet. M.D. and Surg. of Erie, Pennsylvania, missed a valuable metal medallion of President Rutherford B. Hayes (*circa* '78) in this way, after the visit of a number of his wife's relatives to the famous old G—— R—— Manse at Erie. What is a collector to do in a case like this, when a complaint might endanger actual estrangement? Dr. G—— R—— informed me himself that when he

DR. TWITCHETT AND MME. AUGUSTULA THOMAS'S HUSBAND (MR. THOMAS) WEARING THE INSIGNIA OF FULL MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY FOR THE POPULARIZATION OF ANTIQUITIES

discovered his loss he thought the matter over for some days and decided to say nothing about it.

Now, to take up my own specialties (if I may call them so), I have the temerity to assume that my long experience in securing and handling these has possibly given me a little knowledge that may be of use to the amateur collector. I do not claim too much, perhaps, when I state that hooked rugs and early American iron and glass were familiar items in my possession long before the present craze for collecting them came to rage so wildly and widely. I have had exquisite hooked rugs, and rare fragments of such rugs, for instance, as far back as 1886.

American glass has always been a passion (if I may use the word) with me. In fact, among my friends and relatives, my search for really good glass has made me almost something of a by-word, jocularly speaking. The reader will easily connote that what I consider good glass is not a thing to be found every day in the week and that I am somewhat particular in my taste. Well, I confess it, and to substantiate the confession perhaps I should essay some description of what I mean by "really good glass."

Glass, to be perfect in my eyes, should be absolutely in the condition in which it left the retailer who sold it to the private purchaser. I am aware that broken, cracked, or partially decomposed pieces have some value to the beginner, and I myself do often handle them, as a dealer, it is true. But it is sound glass that has kept me so diligently on the search day after day, year after year. Sandwich and Stiegel I leave to the beginner who likes to pay $17 for a ruby finger-bowl that was a drug on the market at two-for-a-quarter five years ago; who gladly signs a check for $125 in exchange for a dozen Benjamin Franklin cup-plates regularly turned out at the Sandwich factory for thirty cents a dozen, up to the time when the strike closed production in General Benjamin Harrison's administration; but for myself — well, even a quaint old Colonial Sandwich lamp chimney, manufactured during Grover Cleveland's first term, or as far back as the supremacy of Chester A. Arthur, does not excite me. A friend of mine proudly exhibits a lamp chimney said to have been persistently mistaken for a spy-glass by Lafayette himself on a Christmas Eve, on the occasion when he was so well entertained by the citizens of Yonkers,

during his second visit to this country. I have never made the slightest effort to obtain this bit.

No. The perfect glass of my dreams — for I admit I am always dreaming of it — the perfect glass of my dreams is a bit of plain glass, very simple. It may be either pressed glass or moulded glass — I care not; and it may be browned in the making, or clear; I am indifferent about that. I do not even insist upon its antiquity, though the older it is the better, of course; but what I do value is the state of preservation in which I find it. That is to say, as I have already pointed out, a specimen of glass, to be really worth while, should be precisely in the condition in which it left the retailer's shelf to pass to the original purchaser's possession, and, above all, THE ORIGINAL CONTENTS SHOULD BE INTACT.

I admit that this is asking a great deal. It is more than one requires, for instance, of seventeenth-century Venetian glass, or of old Bohemian or of Bristol. Shall I be accused of jingoism when I say that I, personally, have found perfection only in American glass? (A Hungarian collector, now resident in this country, once asserted to me that he had found a sample of Scotch glass in the state I hold to

be really worth while; but he was absolutely unwilling to show it, though I made every effort to induce him; and I ended by doubting him.) I do not claim that I have found worth-while glass frequently. Alas, no! For though I have looked and looked and hoped and hoped for it during many years, I have actually discovered but two perfect examples — only two! The first (a superb thing from Kentucky) I found absolutely by chance in the queerest, quaintest little place imaginable, up a passageway behind a hotel, early in the morning after the election of President Taft; and the second (not so pure, but nevertheless wonderful) I discovered only last September, among some shrubberies close to a summer mansion on the rugged coast of Massachusetts. What these discoveries meant to me, only one who seeks with a like patient enthusiasm could comprehend. I shall not describe my sensations; it is enough to say that there are pleasures one must keep to one's self. I did not even speak of my discoveries at the time; but it may not be out of place for me to say now that they made me very happy. Indeed, after the second, I wandered for hours as in a dream, and even on the following day, when I chanced to meet a friend, he

THE GLASS PERFECT

From a drawing by Jared P. Kilgallen, Esq., J.D. & R.P., of the item he considers most worth while in his collection. Note: This glass is no longer in original condition.

passed me, and then looked round over his shoulder at me for some time, all without recognizing me.

Now, a word upon the manner and means of collecting. As will readily be supposed, I do not follow the ordinary channels or patronize the customary marts of trade in antiques. I have nothing to say against the Antiquity Shops as such; and I freely admit that many of them contain genuine prizes for the persistent seeker; but after all they are for the amateur of careless purse. It is true that in a shop one CAN pick up a very small bit of rare value for nothing sometimes; and I have done it successfully; but the chances are against it, and, as it is always risky, usually I have thought better not even to try. No, the shops are not my field of endeavor. I say it in all modesty, but I have done better among the garnered old treasures of one quiet, private house than in a hundred Antiquity Shops.

In general, a collector needs what I may be pardoned for calling the Collector's Eye. To illustrate my meaning: How many of my readers have not at some time missed an heirloom, or other treasured object that has simply disappeared? We all have these losses. The missing object has, most probably

(as we say), just been "thrown out." The true Collector's Eye is ever busy in those places or receptacles where things *are* "thrown out." Of course, most of one's discoveries made in this manner consist of portions, rather than of entire objects of *vertu;* nevertheless, I have thus picked up many of my best things.

But the true Collector's Eye is never at rest. Take an old gate in a fence, or a dilapidated building of any sort: the ordinary gaze may pass over these surfaces with mere *ennui*, but many of my best old hinges, latches, etc., have been wrenched from such environments, merely in passing, as it were. The Collector's Eye will note the very fall of a fine old bit of blacksmithing from some careless horse. No doubt the uninitiated critic will cry "Fie!" upon this. "What? Are there collectors who collect horseshoes?" And may I ask: "Why not, indeed?" Aside from the intrinsic value latent in any fine old bit of iron, no true quoit-player would miss an opportunity to make a contribution to the beautifying and decoration of his home club. And let me whisper in the ear of the Philistine skeptic for his better information: Is he aware that in the finest Louis XV *vitrine*

in the palace of Prince Oscar Schofield, at Zorn, under glass and reposing upon delicate shagreen velours, is the gilded shoe of the steed of Balaam? If no collector had picked it up, would it be there?

But I would impress upon the beginner: he must not be content with merely picking up things. He must, indeed, pick up what he can, wherever there is a fair opportunity; but I should not stand where I do to-day among collectors, had I stopped with merely "picking up" things. True, I have picked up many and many's the good thing; but my BEST things were not obtained in this way.

I was quite a young man when I began collecting, taking with me a sack, and sometimes a wheelbarrow also, for this purpose, on my daily rambles. One day it struck me that a splendid old Colonial house, which I had often passed, must contain many lovely, quaint old things that would be charming for a person of taste to number among his curios. There was a "To Let" sign upon the house, and I confess that the thought of the difficulties in my way dismayed me. To seek out the agent, to obtain from him the name and location of the owner of the house, who might prove to be, perhaps, a resident of some dis-

tant city difficult of access — to do all this and then bargain and bicker with the owner (in case I reached him), to chaffer over prices, and in the end, very likely, to find him obdurately avaricious: what was the use? Seldom have I been more discouraged; but I think I may have mentioned that I am a collector. To the real collector, discouragement is never despair.

After thinking the matter over, I decided to go about it in the straightforward, manly way, instead of adopting the roundabout and involved means I have just sketched. There was the house; the frank thing was simply to go in and see whether or not it contained the treasures that the noble old classic façade seemed to suggest. And this was the course I sensibly determined to follow.

Owing to certain technical difficulties, I was obliged to make my visit after dusk had fallen, and then only by the inadequate illumination of a small, patented electric lamp; nevertheless, even so hasty and umbrous (if I may use the word) an examination of the contents of the place as I was able to make proved disappointing. The house had been fitted up for tenancy, not for the owner to live in, and the col-

lecting of scarce an object in the whole interior paid for the expense of removing it in a small hired vehicle.

However, all houses are not alike; not even all unoccupied ones, and it should be emphasized that in this first experience of mine I overlooked something of importance. Many a time, afterward, in examining rental properties and residences offered for sale, I have recalled with a mournful smile that first omission; and seldom indeed has my patient search gone unrewarded by beautifully patined sections of brass or copper, perhaps, and some fine old bit of plumbing.

Let me say again, the Collector's Eye overlooks nothing, and the great point is, not to follow the fad, but to anticipate it. There is not a single class of antiques that I did not collect long before the amateurs began to "pay prices" for such things, and I am now principally engaged in collecting the antiques of the future. I know better than anybody else what the priceless old things of the future will be, because I have formed the habit of picking them up at the time when they are thrown out.

Now, let me add just one word upon a bit of old

textile now in my possession. I have hanging upon my wall a superb bit of old Kuppenheimer weaving. People say to me: "How in the world did you ever find a piece of that color? WE have specimens of Kuppenheimer, but ours are not like THAT! How DID you obtain it?"

I shake my head and smile. A collector's secrets are not for everybody.

And yet — and yet, I appreciate the honor that has been done me by the eminent association under the auspices of which this book is compiled, and I will drop just a hint. Reader, *your* Kuppenheimer (in case you are so fortunate as to possess one) can be of the same faint, elusive, subtly napless shade, if you will treat yours as I did mine.

And withal, I am compelled to admit that the unique quality of MY Kuppenheimer was the result of an accident. I will tell you part and let you guess the rest — if you can — and if you do guess it, you will have a Kuppenheimer worth owning.

I did not obtain my Kuppenheimer from Rochester. In fact, it had passed through several hands before it came to me, and then, as it still had that peculiar garment-like quality, which a real Kuppen-

Plate VI

OLD SKIPWORTH WARE

Dog on paper-weight. From Baxter's Dam Corners, N.H.

heimer often possesses, I wore it, myself, for several seasons. In time the patina began to alter noticeably, but it was not thus that it acquired the sheen I have mentioned. However, I found myself somewhat conspicuous, and in the autumn of 1921 I placed the Kuppenheimer among my collections, which I keep on the other side of my apartment, opposite the window.

Now during the following winter, I happened to notice that the glass in the larger pane of the window became defective, during an absence of mine upon a collector's excursion. There are a great many boys in my neighborhood, and I am a special favorite among them. One of them, evidently not knowing of my absence, had been trying to attract my attention with a large pebble and the window glass had thus been inadequate. Without thinking much of the incident, I placed the Kuppenheimer in a position that would remedy the inadequacy of the window.

Fellow-collectors, have you guessed the secret? In the spring I found the Kuppenheimer to be as I have described it. That is the true story of what is perhaps not undeservedly known as the Kilgallen Kuppenheimer. . . . I never wear it now, except upon

Inauguration Day, in honor of a new President. . . .

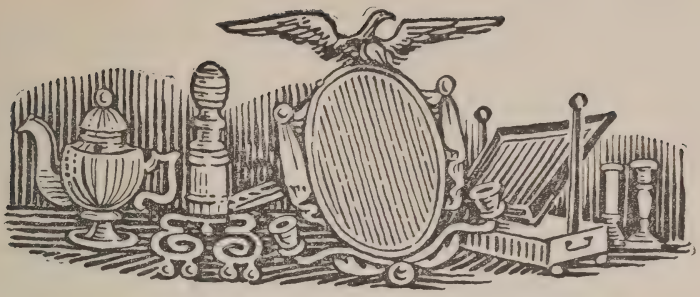
People say I am trustful to leave the treasure in my apartment when I go out, but the Kilgallen Kuppenheimer is much, much too well known to be stolen. Any thief who would even consider such a proceeding, knows perfectly well what he would get, too.

THE EUROPEAN FIELD

By

Professor Charles A. Doolittle

Fellow of the Peloponnesus Archæological Association; member of the Society for the excavation of Monuments in the Dodecanese; Director of the Paris Antique Armchair Club; former Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Bessarabia; and author of The Use of Worm-Holes among the Ancient Egyptians.



THE EUROPEAN FIELD

By

PROFESSOR CHARLES A. DOOLITTLE, F.R.A.C.S.

I

OF THE PLENITUDE AND INTOXICATING EFFECT OF EUROPEAN ANTIQUE-SHOPS — OF THE LARGE SHOPS AND OF THE SMALL ONES SMELLING OF CHEESE-RIND — AND OF THE NUMEROUS STORIES WHICH ARE USED AS ENCOURAGEMENT FOR AMATEUR ANTIQUE-HUNTERS

WHATEVER one's bent in antiques may be, he will find it encouraged in Europe to a point undreamed of in America. Antique-shops are as plentiful in every large European city as were saloons in South Boston not long ago;

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Charles A. Doolittle, F.R.A.C.S., because of his wide knowledge of European antiques, was made Furni-

and their contents, in many cases, have an equally intoxicating effect.

Uncultured persons who go into them with the intention of purchasing just one small Louis XV egg-cup will frequently emerge with increased learning and laden down with a Provençal dough-trough, a pair of stirrup-irons, half a dozen French prints, an old leather purse, four pewter plates, and a large painting of a vaseful of wild flowers.

The streets of Paris are punctuated with shop-signs which read *ANTIQUITÉS;* the streets of Rome and Florence and Milan and Venice are spotted with *ANTICHITA* signs; just around every corner in Vienna and Berlin is an *ANTIQUITÄTEN* shop. The word for antiques is approximately the same in all languages, as a result, of course, of an international agreement between antique-dealers who wish the tourists to enjoy their travels.

The shops start in the expensive shopping districts

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ture Polisher to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria early in 1913, retaining his high position for several years. He was decorated with the Order of the Holy Quail, first class, for exemplary bravery during the Rumanian attack on Tirnova, when for three consecutive days, under heavy shell fire, he remained under a Louis Quatorze sofa, polishing it with as much care as could have been used under normal conditions.

Plate VII

PROFESSOR KILGALLEN'S MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF EARLY AMERICAN UTENSILS, ALL HAND-WROUGHT, AND SOME OBTAINED FROM THE DESCENDANTS OF THE FAMILIES IN WHICH THE ARTICLES HAD BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON

1. Instrument used in making early furniture. 2. A colonial plastron, used in disciplining the cattle. 3. Old mantel ornament. 4 and 5. Instruments used in disposing of undesirable pottery. 6. Colonial calambosa; early Spanish-American instrument for seeding turnips.

with the large, impressive, brightly lighted establishments where important-looking salesmen remove individual treasures from safes and cupboards, exhibit them proudly and learnedly, and quote prices on them that cause a pale green flush to steal over the face of the unsuspecting quester after antiques.

They end in the little side streets with small dark shops smelling of a peculiar blend of cheese-rind, fish-glue and unfinished subways, in which the pallid proprietors wait with old-world patience for customers to come and fight indefinitely to get a four-dollar article reduced to sixty-five cents.

The latter shops, of course, are of the greatest importance to the itinerant or catch-as-catch-can antique-hunters; for it is only in them that one stumbles on something rare and costly that has lain hidden in a shop-corner, regarded by the shopkeeper as a mere piece of junk — something, for example, like one of Marie Antoinette's crown jewels or a piece of genuine fifteenth-century arras tapestry or one of Henry the Eighth's marriage certificates or a coal scuttle which was used by Madame du Barry — something that can be bought for a dollar and a quarter and sold for ten thousand.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the antique-dealer is usually thoroughly conversant with the value of his possessions, that being his chief business in life. Still, he sometimes makes a mistake, as do such highly respected oracles as Senator William E. Borah, David Lloyd George, and Benito Mussolini; and it should be the aim of every true antique-hunter to encourage him to make all that he can.

Wherever one moves about in European antique-circles, one is apt to hear the story of the helpless amateur who stumbled into a Marseilles antique-shop and bought an amber necklace for twenty-five dollars. When he got it home, he took it to a large jewelry shop to have it valued. The jeweler, after examining each bead with great care, offered its owner a thousand dollars for it. This aroused the owner's suspicions, so he took the beads to an expert and thereupon learned that each bead was engraved *N à J* in very small letters, and that it was a string that Napoleon had given to Madame Pompadour as a little token of his esteem.

Some of those who tell the story declare that the lucky owner sold the beads for ten thousand dollars. Others say that he sold them for twenty-five thou-

sand dollars. The most enthusiastic antiquers claim that he received fifty thousand for the string. But a little matter of fifteen or twenty-five thousand dollars should be nothing to amateurs in antiques, especially when such sums are merely matters of conversation and cost the converser nothing at all.

The foregoing story, and the thousands of others like it that constantly go the rounds in Paris and Rome and other antique centres, are all true; but certain of the ignorant view them with suspicion. They should never be viewed with suspicion because all the people who tell them almost always state that they happened to friends of personal friends of theirs; and this, as is well known, is always symptomatic of rock-bottom facts.

II

OF THE ULTRA-SATISFYING ANTIQUE-SHOPS OF ITALY — OF THE DASH AND SPIRIT OF ITALIAN WORM-HOLES — OF THE SUPERIOR SHOP-FILLING POWERS OF THE ITALIAN ANTIQUE-DEALERS OVER THAT OF THE FRENCH — AND OF THE MODERN TENDENCY TOWARD CRABBEDNESS IN THE FRENCH DEALERS

GENERALLY speaking, the antique-shops of Italy are more satisfactory than those of any other country because of the fire and *verve* with which the Italian shopkeepers fight against attempts to make them lower their prices; because of the inventiveness and resource of the ancient Italian furniture artists in turning out the best worm-holes known to science; and because of the enormous number of places where ancient and mediæval art objects can be bought for as little as eight dollars per object — duplicates obtainable from Fifteenth Century craftsmen at a moment's notice.

A very charming American lady recently declared that of all the Italian cities, Florence was the most fascinating and attractive. She had not, however,

been fascinated or attracted by the scenery or the architecture or the churches or the picture galleries. "Why," she explained, "you can get antiques there at half the prices that you have to pay in Rome and about a quarter of what you have to pay in Paris!"

This fascinating feature is due to the fact that there are so many Cinque Cento artisans still living in Florence. Nevertheless, the French antique-shops are superior in general grace and style to the Italian because the ancient Italian workmen now living in Florence lack a certain dash and spirit which seem to be common to the French — except in the matter of making worm-holes.

The Italian worm-holes stand at the very pinnacle of the worm-hole world; and when an antique Italian workman really exerts himself to worm-hole a piece of oak, the French workman stands aside in reverential amazement. The French workman, however, has the dash.

Before purchasing antiques in Europe, one should acquaint himself with the various brands of dash which may be observed in different sorts of furniture. French furniture dash, for example, is much dashier than Bavarian or Ukrainian dash. Czecho-Slovak

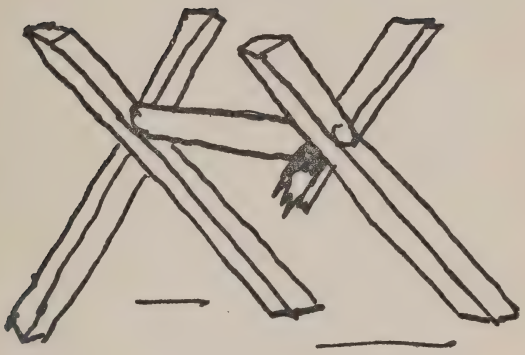
dash and Bulgarian dash are quite dissimilar. Subscriptions are even now being taken by the American Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities to establish classes in furniture dash.[1]

The average Italian antique-dealer will crowd into a given space, say, four wooden candlesticks made to represent four angels, two or three Venetian glass mirrors, a Savonarola chair, seventeen pieces of china, three wooden chests containing fifty-six square feet of surface and eleven miles of worm-holes, a dozen venerable and tattered altar cloths, made by ancient weavers and embroiderers in Naples in 1919, and a few wrought-iron odds and ends removed from a palace in the purlieus of Pisa by a prominent palace-wrecker.

In the same space the average French dealer seems unable to find room for more than one dough-trough, two pewter plates with the salamander of Francis I done on them in *repoussé*, a pair of Louis XIV curling-tongs, and a washed-out-looking portrait of a satin-clad and powdered-haired lady whose face

[1] Donations for this worthy cause may be sent in the form of certified checks, postage stamps, or unused golf balls to Dr. Milton Kilgallen, Floral Park City, Florida.

Plate VIII



COLONIAL TRIGLE-STOOL, DISCOVERED IN A NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODSHED, AND PURCHASED FOR A MERE SONG BY PROFESSOR KILGALLEN

As one of the legs was partially missing, it is believed that the owners considered this rare old piece valueless. Professor Kilgallen has not allowed any restorations to be made. The profane hands of the modern reproducer of old furniture have never been permitted to touch any articles of his collection.

has the lop-sided aristocratic appearance that will only be found in true aristocrats or in persons who have been kicked by mules perchance in their early days. And the portraits which are on sale in every Parisian antique-shop are sometimes most valuable because the general unpleasantness of the aristocrats which they represent serves to make every beholder wonder why the French Revolution didn't start exterminating aristocrats about a hundred years sooner.

At any rate, the superior shop-filling ability of the Italian dealers is one reason why it is far easier to indulge one's passion for antiqueing in Italy than in France.

A disappointing feature about the French antique-shops is the apparent indifference of the shop-keepers to the attempts of customers to engage them in violent and interesting altercations over the prices of their wares. This is a modern phase of the antique-business and ranks, in France, with such inexplainable matters as why man-sized boys wear little tight knickerbockers that come only halfway down to the knee, and why a Parisian who apparently lives in comfort in his home or a hotel with the thermometer

down to forty degrees will shriek with anguish when any one raises a window in a railway compartment in which the temperature is hovering around ninety-four degrees.

In the old days when a Parisian antique-dealer placed a price of fifteen hundred francs on an article, the prospective buyer offered five hundred for it, and then the argument began. The dealer shed tears; swore that his business standing would be shattered if he dropped a centime in price; mentioned his sick wife most touchingly; gave a long history of the antique in question, showing its great value; beat his breast and begged the purchaser not to ruin him; and ended by selling the article for seven hundred francs.

To-day, when a Parisian dealer places a price of fifteen hundred francs on an article and the customer offers five hundred for it, the dealer is more than likely to smile quietly but contemptuously, remark, "M'sieu jests," and refuse to converse further on the matter. This removes the zest from the proceeding. One does not care to purchase antiques as one purchases collars; one goes elsewhere.

III

OF THE APPROVED METHOD OF DOING BUSINESS WITH AN ITALIAN DEALER — OF THE ARTISTIC DECEPTION OF THE CUSTOMER — OF THE MASTERFUL PROFANITY AND THE UNCONVINCING ASSEVERATIONS OF THE DEALER — AND OF THE ULTIMATE SATISFACTION OF BOTH PARTIES

The purchase of antiques in Italy, in order to be successful, must be attended with enormous amounts of subtlety, gesticulation, swearing, lying, and passion. The proceeding is, or should be somewhat as follows:

The antiquer first locates an antique-shop, which he does by walking along a street until he is struck in the nose by a peculiarly fusty odor, faintly resembling recently disinterred boots, and finds the proprietor sitting in a gloomy corner of the shop writing, or pretending to write, in a ledger and giving an excellent but unconscious imitation of a large spider observing the approach of a juicy bluebottle fly.

The customer greets the proprietor simply but elegantly, and the proprietor, going on with his writing, replies in an apparently perfunctory and preoccupied

manner. Then the customer proceeds to look about. He notes without interest the worm-eaten sideboards and chests, the painting of anæmic bunches of flowers, the bronze mortars and pestles made in Florence, the Venetian mirrors that make the face look as though it had been run through a clothes-wringer, the venerable priests' vestments and coatments and pantments, and the hanging silver lamps made out of superb tin; and finally his eye lights on, say, a marble plaque of a Pope's head from a monastery wall.

It has an air, that plaque. He examines it carefully while pretending to scrutinize a small but offensive painting of Saint Mark's by Moonlight. The buying fever seizes him, and he prepares for action.

"Have you not a pair of beaten-iron candlesticks in the Venetian manner, projecting straight out from the wall?" he asks the proprietor, making gestures like a candlestick. He asks this question in order to provide a smoke-screen for his future movements.

"No, signore," replies the proprietor gloomily. "We had them, but they were sold yesterday."

"Ah," says the customer in disappointment. He starts as though to go; and then, as an afterthought,

he picks up a bronze mortar and weighs it meditatively. "This little thing, now," he ventures. "The price unquestionably is prohibitive, eh?"

"A very fine thing, very old and very fine," says the dealer, examining it appreciatively. "And very cheap, signore; very cheap. Four hundred lire only, signore."

The signore laughs loudly and bitterly and turns away with a shudder. "Cheap!" he ejaculates in scornful tones, "Cheap! You mistake me for two millionaires. Madonna! What a price! For such a thing as that good-for-nothing imitation in the corner, that pretended Pope's head, you would probably charge such an impossible price as one hundred lire!"

"Hah!" says the dealer, staring carefully at the customer. "Hah!" Then he goes over to the corner and looks at the Pope's head as though he were seeing it for the first time.

"Signore," he says solemnly, "this is a very fine and very rare piece. It is an historical piece. I will sell it for one tenth of its value."

"Ah, true?" asks the customer sarcastically. "And what is that, signore?"

"Six hundred lire, signore," replies the dealer calmly.

"Body of Bacchus!" gasps the customer, as though he had been mortally wounded. "Six hundred lire! Are you mad, signore? It is robbery! The thing is good for nothing! It would be dear at sixty lire!"

"Signore," declares the dealer earnestly, "your words are an insult. That Pope is worthy of a museum. Look at it, signore! In the large establishments you would pay six thousand lire for it. Signore, I am experienced in the buying and selling of antiques. In selling it at six hundred lire, I am giving it away."

The customer shakes his head pityingly. "Poor little one," says he, "that Pope's head is a forgery. It probably cost six lire. In buying it at all you must have fallen among thieves."

"Signore, it is not true," says the dealer indignantly. It is a gift at six hundred lire."

"Pah!" says the customer, wagging his extended thumb and forefinger at the level of his ear to signify utter contempt and disbelief.

"Then what will you give, signore?" demands the

proprietor in exasperation. "Name me a fair price and let us speak about it."

"No," says the customer, "I do not want it. Your prices, signore, would make a cow weep."

"Then name me a price," insists the proprietor. "Come, name it and let me hear."

"Sixty lire!" shouts the customer defiantly.

"Sixty lire!" wails the proprietor. "Presence of the Devil, signore, I paid five hundred lire for that object. I am a poor man, signore, and the thief of a Government takes everything away in taxes — the luxury tax and the tax for the wounded and the export tax. One must live. Come, signore, give me five hundred and fifty lire and take it."

"Madonna!" cries the customer in a rage. "I would not pay five hundred and fifty lire for a dozen of them. I will give you one hundred lire and not another soldo."

"Ah, Madonna!" shrieks the proprietor. "You are stealing the bread from the mouths of my children. Ah, my God, but this business is ruining me. No, I will not do it! Come, signore, take it for five hundred and let us weary ourselves no longer with fruitless talk."

"It is useless, signore," declares the customer firmly. "I will not pay your price. Come, now: here is my last word: wrap it up and take three hundred lire for it."

"Body of Bacchus," moans the proprietor. "We cannot deal together, you and I. Go to a cheap shop, signore. I — I am not a noted dealer, signore. I cannot do those things. Farewell, signore."

"Three hundred lire," says the customer firmly.

"Three hundred and fifty," counters the proprietor.

"Three hundred," insists the customer hoarsely, starting toward the door.

The proprietor gives his shoulders the tremendous shrug which, in Italy, signifies that the shrugger can do nothing more to prevent you from utterly wrecking yourself by your colossal idiocy. He reseats himself at his desk and paws around among his papers with sudden and complete absorption.

"Three hundred and twenty-five," says the customer, holding the door half open and making what the modern school of diplomacy would call a gesture of departure.

The proprietor capitulates, rolling up his eyes and

Plate IX

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL AS IT IS TO-DAY

Plate X

NEW DESIGN FOR COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

The enthusiasm of Professor Kilgallen for the pure Colonial has led him to propose the remodeling of Cologne Cathedral. Above is a design drawn and submitted to the Archbishop of Cologne by the Professor, without charge. It is felt that the alterations would give the building a more restful character.

tossing his hands in the air to show that he accepts misfortune's dread harpoon in a sportsmanlike spirit. "You have a bargain, signore," says he genially, rising and unhooking the marble plaque of the Pope from the wall. "To-morrow I shall have candlesticks of beaten iron in the Venetian style. Come to-morrow and I will sell them to you for nothing."

IV

OF THE SIMILARITY BETWEEN ANTIQUES AND OIL STOCKS — OF THE CONFOUNDING OF EXPERTS BY FRENCH AND ITALIAN ANTIQUE-FAKERS — AND OF THE MOST ADVANCED METHODS OF FAKING

THE percentage of antiques among the antique-shops of Paris, Rome, Florence, Berlin, and Vienna is said by some to be about the same as the percentage of good investments among the oil and mining stocks of America. Sometimes an antique is easy to detect, and sometimes it is not so easy.

There are a number of experts who claim to be able to expose a worm-hole that would deceive any worm in the world; but there are occasions when groups of the most serious and profound experts become embroiled over a particular painting or piece of

furniture, some claiming fiercely that the article in question was produced in 1519, and others maintaining noisily that it was done in 1915. The only satisfactory way in which such a matter could ever be settled would be to have a war over it.

Large numbers of experts have also gone into ecstasies over certain beautiful Old Masters: expert has purchased a painting from expert, running up the price at each change of hands until its cost is on a par with that of a new Town Hall; then some low, coarse, non-expert has come along with an X-ray machine and shown, by X-raying the paint, that it is so new that its value is somewhat less than that of a dog-house.

The best of the renaissance and primitive and seventeenth century artists now producing Italian and French antique paintings are full of quaint conceits for the intriguing (if one may use so coarse an expression) of experts on paintings. They welcome the cynical and wary purchasers who start to examine a painting by looking at its back in order to make sure that the canvas is old. They beam affectionately at the suspicious buyers who must have a certain number of cracks to the square inch of sur-

face, who count the fly specks with loving care, who test the paint with alcohol in order to find out whether it is new paint or old paint, and who hunt so assiduously for that rich and mellow golden-brown tone that comes only with age.

A golden-brown glow on a painting is a sign that it was painted back in those good old roistering, swashbuckling days when the most sincere fighters and the noisiest drinkers wore lace frills around the bottoms of their short plush sport-clothes. Fortunately the same beautiful effect can be obtained by dissolving licorice in water, pouring the result on the canvas and rubbing it around for a few moments with the palm of the hand. Very beautiful and realistic fly-speck effects may be added by dissolving gum arabic in water, coloring the liquid with sepia and Chinese ink, dipping an ancient toothbrush into it, and spraying it on the canvas by drawing a match along the toothbrush bristles. The wisest fly that looked at the result would declare unhesitatingly that a yearly fly-convention had been held on the painting ever since Christopher Columbus abandoned the flat-earth theory, and that all the leading speckers of the fly race had tracked their muddy feet

on it at one time or another. It's a poor human that can't beat an insect.

If it were not for these happy devices the antiques now existing in the world would be arbitrarily limited — a condition of things destructive to the wide dissemination of culture and dismaying to the Academy for the Popularization of Antiquities. Fortunately, paintings may be aged without waiting for years to pass over them. One way is to cook them in hot ovens. Another is to take an old, decrepit painting and paint something more interesting on top of it. Or one may take a new painting, cover the back with glue, and paste an old canvas over it.

Some of the most experienced antiquers carry little bottles of alcohol in their breast pockets; and when they are investigating a picture with great care, they slyly produce the bottles and surreptitiously pour alcohol over it in order to find out whether or not the colors run. If they run, the picture is new. If they do not run, the picture is old. So, at least, the experts say. The idea is excellent; but happily the dealers have learned that if they cover a painting with a sort of transparent glue, it will resist the action of alcohol and confound the experts. Also, dealers of

intelligence have remedied the unkind fate that seemingly limited the work done by Old Masters to the paintings they produced in their lifetimes. What could be simpler and yet more beneficial to the patron than to add the signature of an Old Master to a painting and let the patron discover it for himself? Many of the most priceless Old Masters in existence have reached America in this way, and many a millionaire's home would be a gloomier place to-day were it not for this simple but pleasure-giving little device.

There are certain technical points about antique-collecting in Europe that are easily picked up by the antique-collector in two or three years' time.

Venetian glass, for example, breaks more readily than ordinary glass. When in doubt about a piece of Venetian glass, strike it one inch from the base with a small hammer, using a stroke of fourteen foot-ounces to the square inch. If the glass breaks, it is Venetian.

Then there are Capo di Monte saucers, which, when scaled over the surface of a smooth body of water, will skip several times more than an ordinary china saucer. One should pick out a broad lake and

scale all questionable saucers over its surface with an under-arm motion. A saucer, if genuine Capo di Monte, should skip at least eight times before sinking. The lake may then be pumped out with a bicycle pump.[1]

V

OF THE SOURCE OF THE WORM-HOLES IN NEAR-ANTIQUE FURNITURE — OF THE LATEST WORM-HOLE MACHINE — OF THE MODERN METHOD OF PRODUCING ANCIENT WOOD-CARVINGS IN FIVE MINUTES — AND OF THE UNLIMITED FURNITURE OWNED BY MARIE ANTOINETTE

The collector of antique French and Italian and other foreign furniture is to be congratulated upon other benevolent circumstances that prevent supplies of wonderful old things from approaching exhaustion.

So long as there are any ancient houses in France and Italy, just so long will the manufacturers of French and Italian antiques have enough working material of absolute genuineness. This is due to the fact that the wainscoting and all the concealed wood-

[1] See *From Broad-Axe to Peanut-Roaster*, by Emmet Gilhooly.

work of these venerable houses have been heartily eaten by many generations of true worms. Whenever a house is pulled down, therefore, the Old Masters of furniture-making flock to the scene and acquire large stocks of truly worm-holed wood. This, when incorporated into the magnificent chests, tables, sideboards, and other pieces which are destined to fill the antique-shops of Paris, Rome, and Florence, catches and holds the eye of the purchaser. It is obvious to any one — or at least to any amateur — that any piece of furniture which contains such intricate and symmetrical worm-holes must have been made before the worms started to bore, and must, therefore, be very ancient.

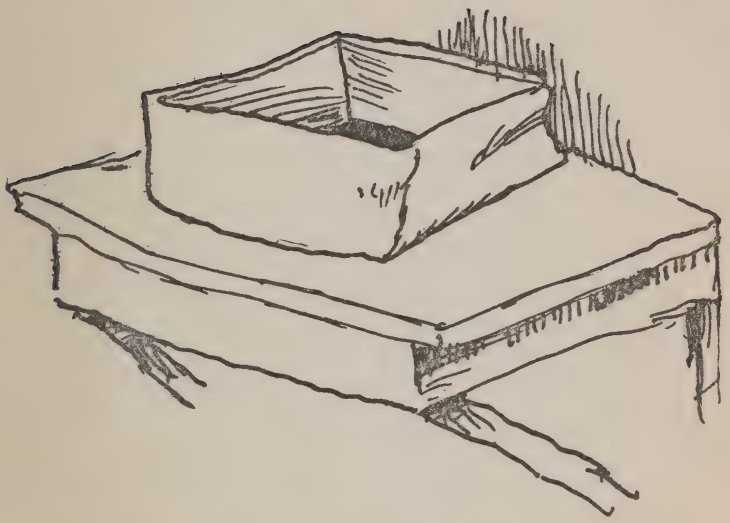
The old, worm-eaten wainscoting is used to make the shelves and drawer-bottoms of sideboards which are known as *credenzas* in Italy and *crédences* in France. It is also drawn on for the backs and bottoms of chests, for picture-frames, for wooden stirrups, and for almost any beautiful, wonderful old thing Milady or Mimister brings home to exhibit upon the sitting-room table.

The fronts and tops of chests and sideboards may, however, be made of new wood and will probably

look just as well. For example, the new wood can be carved even more prettily than the old, and when the carving is finished, the manufacturer turns over the product to three or four muscular hirelings whose sole duty is to injure furniture. They are armed with large sticks of various shapes, and their activities are limited to chastising the wood with extreme severity. In this way the chests and sideboards acquire, in a matter of half an hour, the scratches and indentations for which slow centuries might otherwise be required. The wood is given the proper color by boiling it with walnut rind. Or it may be given the peculiar irregularities of great age by applying nitric acid, which eats into the surface, and then coloring the marks of the acid with permanganate of potash.

The new wood, of course, must be carefully wormholed. The crudest variety of worm-holing is done with a shotgun. The result looks sufficiently wormy to suit the most captious worm-hole collector; but one can always find a Number 10 shot at the bottom of each hole. The shotgun method, therefore, is not acceptable to members in good standing in our Society. The worm-hole machine, which is used by

Plate XI



COLONIAL KITCHEN SINK FROM THE OLD PALAVER THOMPSON MANSION IN HAVERHILL

The metal work, all done by hand, is in a remarkable state of preservation. There was no spigot; but here we find an illustration of the ingenuity of our forefathers. Professor Kilgallen has come to the conclusion that the water was all poured in from a bucket and entirely by hand.

several of the leading Parisian *chineurs*, is a new and excellent invention. Its front is a square plate with serpentine grooves in it. When the plate is pressed against a piece of wood and the handle turned, a number of slender augers push out and make a cluster of worm-holes. A turn of a lever changes the position of each auger slightly, so that the worm-hole pattern does not recur.

But the best worm-holes in the world are made in Italy by hand. The auger with which they are made is bent in an irregular shape; and the purchaser of a piece of furniture which has been worm-holed with it is at liberty to thrust wires into the holes in order to investigate their wormy crookedness.

The most thorough furniture manufacturers, knowing that the careful collector will rap on the furniture in order to see whether dust falls from the worm-holes — as would be the case if the hole is the work of a normal worm — should be careful to fill the holes with wood dust.

In a number of the antique-shops along the Rue Saintes-Pères and the Boulevard Raspail in Paris, one may see many specimens of carved wooden panels about a foot and a half long and about five

inches wide. Every one of these has been taken from old châteaux and palaces which have been recently torn down. This statement is obviously reasonable; for if it were untrue, practically every château in France would be standing to-day, whereas nearly all of them have long since been demolished to provide the great number of wooden panels that have been placed on sale in the past few years. The panels are attractive and not made by great pressure — a method sometimes used in France and Italy in making cheap antiques. Pressure-carvings, as they are called, always show a bent grain; whereas the small carvings show a severed grain.

But in order to save a few châteaux for tourists to visit, it was decided to make panels somewhat artificially, so to speak. That would make a tourist twice happy: he could visit a château and look at the panels; then he could return to Paris and buy them to take home. Iron moulds were heated until they were white-hot, and then pressed against very dry wood. When the moulds were removed and the burnt surface brushed with steel brushes, the wood had the color and the polish and the texture of ancient carvings. A dose of Number 10 shot from

the manufacturer's shotgun supplied the worm-holes for each panel, after which they were ready to be sold to the travelling public for about four dollars apiece. Their cost was approximately forty-five cents — twenty cents for the wood, twenty cents for the labor, and five cents for the shotgun cartridge, and thus an embarrassing problem was solved to the contentment of everybody concerned.

Articles as large as mantels for generous fireplaces are made by this burning method and passed on to eager collectors at prices that distress the proletariat greatly and cause frequent demands for an equal distribution of wealth.

There is a wood-carving company in Paris which advertises that it will be glad to deliver the furniture of any period to antique-dealers at a moment's notice. . . . There are workshops of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine which produce boule cabinets decorated with birds, beasts, and flowers of which André-Charles Boule might well have been proud. . . . There are places in Auvergne where the best ancient artists in the world turn out furniture which Parisian dealers later are kind enough to guarantee to have been owned by Marie Antoinette.

There is a true benevolence in all this. Culture is spread, and many people otherwise innocent of history learn that Marie Antoinette furniture is similar to that produced under one of the Louies. It is quite untrue, however, that she sent it all over to this country in the Mayflower.

VI

OF THE VIOLENT PEWTER-COLLECTOR AND HIS PATOIS — OF THE PECULIAR PASTIMES AND PLEASURES OF THE PEWTER-HOUNDS AND OF THE DANGERS OF FOREIGN PEWTER

THE pewter-collector provides a pleasant source of income to European antique-dealers; for he is one of the most ardent collectors. Pewter, as is well known, is a base metal made of tin, to which a small amount of antimony, copper, or lead has been added. It was originally made for use in the homes of the wealthy before the days of pottery and china; then it was used in kitchens of great houses; churches which couldn't afford gold or silver services had pewter services; taverns had complete outfits of pewter pots and tankards which could be thrown promiscuously

by intoxicated guests without damage to anything except the guests.

When properly cleaned, old pewter has a soft, silvery lustre that is highly esteemed by all collectors; and a true pewter-lover will travel many miles for the privilege of handling a pewter plate, hearing it cry and taking rubbings of it.

Pewter-collectors speak a technical language which has little or no meaning to persons who have never been exposed to the pewter-germ: and it is in the antique-shops that one hears the pewter-lovers running on by the hour. The *cri d'étain*, or the "cry of the tin," is not, as might be supposed, the noise which the pewter-collector makes when he finds out the price of a piece of pewter. It is the noise which genuine pewter always makes when the collector holds it close to his ear and bends it backward and forward. Pewter always refuses to cry for some people, but it is certain that there is a cry in it, just as it is certain that there is a lady in the moon, though few of them are ever able to see her.

All the pewter made in the old days in London and Paris and the German cities bore on its back the small private mark of its maker, due to the

fact that a certain standard of metal was required by law.

The chief recreation of the pewter-collector is to search out several pieces of pewter, place tissue paper or tinfoil over a mark, and then diligently rub the paper or foil with some blunt instrument until a copy of the mark has been transferred to it. Two advanced pewter-collectors will squabble for hours as to whether the best rubbings can be made with cigarette-paper and a hard pencil, or with tinfoil and an ivory penholder, and as to whether the best results can be got by heating the pewter before taking the rubbing or by leaving it cold.

The most excitable pewter-huntsmen keep little books of pewter-rubbings on their persons, and think nothing of spending two or three hours trying to locate a given mark in their books. If interrupted in this pursuit, they become violent and use hideous language to the interrupter. They exchange rubbings with each other, and can spend as much as eight or ten hours in brooding over half a dozen dilapidated pewter plates. When they have hopelessly disagreed over the proper method of taking rubbings, they can argue for weeks over the best method of

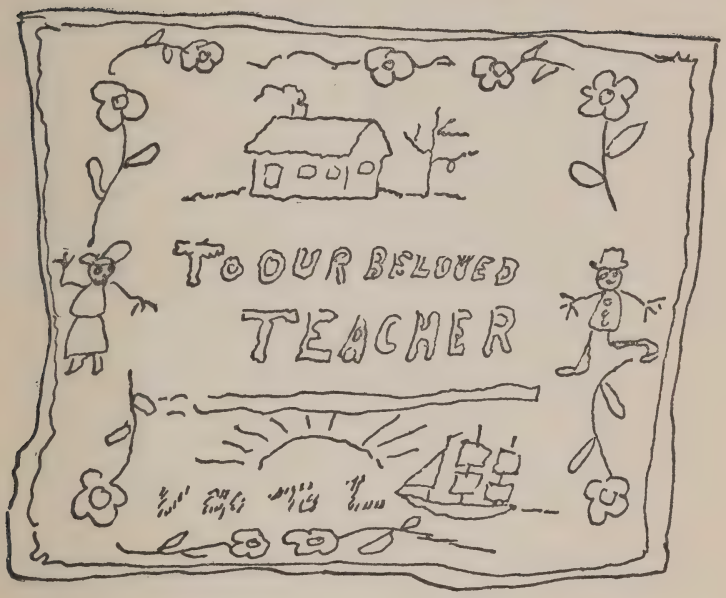
cleaning pewter, which develops an almost impenetrable crust when it lies neglected in a barn for half a century, as most of the genuine appears to have done. Some hold out for ashes and vinegar; others for boiling with hay; others for oxalic acid mixed with rotten stone; others for hydrochloric acid; others for oxide of tin; others for Calais sand and elm leaves; others for soft soap, rotten stone, and turpentine. One of the most delightful things about collecting this metal is that you can experiment for years with pewter without making any progress.

The same thing is true, of course, of all sorts of antiques. Only a short time ago the official expert of the French Government carefully examined a portrait owned by a Parisian lady, and pronounced it a genuine Leonardo da Vinci. The lady was about to sell it to the Kansas City Art Institute for the modest sum of $500,000, when another celebrated dealer examined it and declared emphatically that the painting was a copy, and not a Leonardo da Vinci at all. Both of the experts had international reputations and should have been qualified to know exactly what they were talking about. The Kansas City Art Institute, however, decided not to part with its

money just then; and the lady at once sued the second expert for $500,000. Our Society hopes that when she gets the money she will endow us; and we have written her to that effect; but probably she is busy just now.

I myself found a gem of a pewter inkwell in a little Parisian shop one day, properly marked and battered and time-worn. It had a cylinder for ink, a cylinder for sand, and a space for pens; and its age was declared by the dealer to be one hundred and fifty years. By haggling exhaustively with him, I beat him down from one hundred francs to fifty francs, and bore off my prize in triumph. When I got it home, I examined the interior of the ink-cylinder with an electric torch and discovered that the inside surface was bright and shiny. On a guess, it was only about eight months old; but what of that? Eight months is eight months, and what *is* antiquity, anyhow? If you ask a geologist you will get one answer; if you ask a debutante you will get another. As for me, I used a little acid inside my inkwell and hope to dispose of it to a friend. It is already months and months antiquer than when I bought it.

Plate XII



SAMPLER IN THE POSSESSION OF PROFESSOR KILGALLEN'S FAMILY. IT WAS THE WORK OF THE PUPILS OF THE PROFESSOR'S GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, DAME MARJORIE KILGALLEN, OF OSSIPPEE FALLS, AND WAS PRESENTED TO HER BY THEM ON THE CONCLUSION OF HER THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR AS A TEACHER IN THE SCHOOL

Almost every Parisian antique-shop will, if pressed, produce a pair of pewter plates with the salamander crest of Francis I on the bottom of each plate in *repoussé* work — work done by hammering the under side of the plate until the desired figure is raised on the upper side. These salamander plates are charming and should be bought by the pewter collector. If he gets too many he can always use them for sinkers when fishing — or they may readily be employed as wedding-presents.

Generally speaking — speaking, that is, as our careful advice to the vast body of travellers who wish to take home a few attractive antiques as souvenirs — it is best to make purchases as soon as possible after arriving in Europe. If one remains there long enough the antiques will be absolutely genuine by the time one gets home.

HORSECHESTNUT

HORSECHESTNUT

Compilers' Note

THE subjoined paper, so happily cast in narrative form, could not have been omitted from this compilation without gravely lessening at once the charm and value of the work; its inclusion, however, has been arranged only after extraordinary efforts on the part, not only of the compilers, but also, they are happy to testify, on that of the talented author herself — a figure as impressive and delightful among antiquers as her name, among critics and patrons of the modern American novel, is authoritative and inspiring. Her charming little story, although read by her in person at the March session of the Academy, in 1923, seemed for a time to be impossible of republication here; her contract with her publisher, a per-

son of highly developed commercial instincts, restrains her from publishing through any other channel, and in the face of united persuasion on the part of Professor Kilgallen and the author herself, this gentleman has stood firmly on the precise letter of his bargain. Fortunately, however, the advice of counsel was procured, with the result that the compilers are permitted to reproduce the paper, although denied the pleasure and privilege of accrediting it to the author by name.

This prohibition would cause them a distress far more acute, nevertheless, were they not wholly confident that the identity of the author will be transparently evident to every antiquer and to all lovers of her colorful literary art.

I

The room was subtly instinct with — James Femms admitted to an inchoate, egocentric admonition — default. Tormented by an awareness of distress, alien, vicarious, yet poignantly perceptible, his consciousness opposed, almost with petulance, his endeavors to confine it to — in fulfilment of his trust and purpose — spleening.

Loss; separation; sundering — the words formed themselves in characters feathery and funereal as the cross-stitch letter of a Garfield wall-motto; they contrived to make themselves, above the florid, valiant persuasions of the auctioneer, audible. There was, James Femms informed himself, even an overtone, as of an adscititious dolor, inexpressible by any clumsy symbolism of syllables; he seemed, indeed, to experience, at second-hand, those first lingual explorations, incredulous and baffled, of the wistful void where but the ache and memory of the tooth remain.

James Femms put forth the power of his will against his habit of thinking in such intorted, raffled inversions as these. Confronted by a problem, he resolved to ratiocinate straightforwardly, in a manner as candidly unintricate as the spleened finials of the *porte-chapeaux* which, at the moment, engaged the brazen eloquence of the vendor. He would not think, he decided, in the style of an Empire girandole, but in the direct and honest simplicity of, say, that spleened and half-groined becket.

This was James Femms, not as he had been, but as he had come to be, a man colored by the years, so that his glass — a walnut caracole, wonderfully

woodmarked — seemed to invest him with a patina, so that, indeed, he resembled one of those Victorian antiques, ornately ruinous, which were the dominant, as it were, of his existence. His passion for the lost art of the period had come to affect him in cunning, secret ways, to inform his spirit with a cold flame of rebellion against himself and his environment; he detested his body, designed, he reflected bitterly, after the Roycroft manner and as innocent of decorative values; he abandoned, in his moments of surrender, the artless names which had been foisted on his helpless infancy; he ceased to think of himself as James Femms, and softened, mellowed, ornamented the harsh, stern sounds with Gallic fancies. In his dreams he became a figure of romance, pinch-waisted, nobly whiskered, an illustration from a time-stained page of "Godey's Lady's-Book," a man who could bear, with corseted grace, a name like Jambes des Femmes!

He became, for the time being, this Jambes des Femmes; he looked about him with the very elegance and grace of a des Femmes. The salon, he observed, was filled by people for whom Jambes des Femmes must feel no more than a gently supercilious distaste;

there were faces familiar enough to James Femms: Kitchler, the bulbous, raffish dealer, one sienna eye cocked contemptuously at the *porte-chapeaux*, a fleshpot finger lifted in token of a careless bid; there were others as foreign to the mood of Jambes des Femmes — sly, chaffering professionals and the inevitable scattering of amateurs. Here, he concluded, there was no one capable of setting up in him those telepathic vibrations of which, baffled and distrait, he was obstinately aware.

His glance moved back to the *porte-chapeaux*. He had examined it, of course, before the sale and decided, with a lingering regret, to make no offer for it. Horsechestnut — he discarded the coarse term; James Femms must use it, when he spoke, but Jambes des Femmes might think in more gracious wise: *noisette à cheval* — it was a fine piece, des Femmes admitted, a magnificent affair, save for but the one fatal defect. And he had always, he reflected, adored *noisette à cheval.*

Again he was pervaded by the haunting awareness of an elusive, poignant melancholy. His eyes moved to the spurious becket — to the discerning scrutiny of James Femms a palpable counterfeit, a thing so

obvious and crude that even Kitchler, with the three originals to scream their warning, might have noticed it — not even hand-wrought groining, des Femmes pronounced, a clumsy fraud, grouted, at a guess, and bench-gammoned to trick the eye of ignorance!

It seemed to des Femmes that his atrabilious depression found its focus here. He lifted himself to see more clearly; was it — could it be — that he felt the yearning of those sundered parts, the shame and longing of the *porte-chapeaux* for that ravished becket? Had his sympathy, his passion for *noisette à cheval* refined his perceptions to a delicacy so incredible, so splendid? He dallied wistfully with the thought and put it from him. Not even Jambes des Femmes could have attained a receptivity so exquisite.

Suddenly, as the voice of the auctioneer became premonitory, James Femms moved in his chair. He remembered Sonoff!

As if hours instead of years were overlaid upon the recollection he could see that *porte-chapeaux* in Sonoff's *entresol*, its lovely amber tone warmed by the crimson wall! It was Sonoff's!

Jambes des Femmes saw him, as he had been —

Sonoff the debonair, high on the crest of his wave, Sonoff, the greatest artist of his time! And now — abruptly, ineludibly, came the thought — and now, even the art was dead!

Dead. Since that day of Sonoff's greatness men had been born, lived out their lives, died, without knowing that the art had ever lived! Jambes des Femmes tasted the bitterness of it; he saw Sonoff, behind the great *râtelier* of bells, his hands flashing like the lustres of *bobèches* on a girandole, from the elfin-tinkling tinniness of the soprano to the rugent clamor of the bass! Sonoff, a Russian, had taught the Swiss their place!

"*Grandes fromages*," Sonoff would say. "Let them yodel!"

And now —!

Sonoff, beggared, reduced to the shrewd torment of testing the timbre of telephone bells for a niggard pittance, and Sonoff's *porte-chapeaux*, degraded and disfigured by that pinchbeck becket, going, for the last, third time to Kitchler!

James Femms lifted his catalogue.

II

THE bassines, at least, James Femms admitted, were good. Sound bronze — he stiffened as memory quickened in him. Gently his finger-nail tapped their margins and a hushed whispering resonance seemed to bring an audible perfume into the chamber. James Femms nodded. It had been Sonoff's whimsy to have these bassines cast and toned in bell-metal — one to sound the low A flat and the other the D that Sonoff had loved best of all his bells.

The bassines, at least, were possible under James Femms's roof. But the *porte-chapeaux* itself, with a fraudulent becket? James Femms negated the suggestion with a resolute, peremptory movement of his head. He set his shoulder to the task of thrusting the piece before him to the open porch. He closed the door upon it. Except for the bassines, it would have been better, after all, to let Kitchler have it; perhaps, even now, he could let Kitchler persuade him to part with it — not too easily, of course; it would be simple to pick up another pair of bassines, in place of these. There were two in Reading, Femms remembered, and, he thought, another pair in a junk-shop on the edge of Camden.

Yes, he would let Kitchler have it, at a price. He lifted the two bassines and brought their edges softly together, inclining his head to catch the moonlit fragrance of their conjoined note. He carried them to his bedroom; he would keep them here, on either side of the Benjamin Harrison bureau. He set them on the twin plackets that jutted out from the mirror-frame.

III

Sleep eluded James Femms. Isolated in umbrageous stillness, the grosser sensory reactions no longer obstructed the reception of what, he now conceded, must be the telepathic apperceptions of sixth or seventh sense. Below the coverlet his body, resentful under mysterious reproaches from without, expressed its unrest in gyratory saltations; his mind ached and quivered in sympathy with baffling emotions of which his awareness was so acute that it all but equalled experience itself.

He was cognizant, dimly but with certitude, of a relation between these sufferings and the presence, the propinquity, at least, of the *porte-chapeaux* that had been Sonoff's. Again he contemplated the hy-

pothesis that understanding and affection had established between James Femms and the inanimate objects of his passion, a *rapprochement*, a *rapport* analogous to, if not identical with, the sympathy that unites the sundered halves of a spiritual union. Below, from the doorstep, the *porte-chapeaux* of Mikail Sonoff seemed, to James Femms, to upraise a muted ululation, a sound of exquisite desire, as pitiful and penetrant as the call of the widowed wood-dove. He came, at last, to the window, a panel of translucent pressed glass surrounded by a bordure of plaquettes, each of a different primary color, now delicately diminished in the pallor of a moon as cold, Femms thought, as the belly facet of a flounder.

He slept with the window, after the mode which he sensed intuitively would have been that of Jambes des Femmes, closed. Lifting it, now, and shivering in the humid inrush of nocturnal airs, he identified the crooning note; the leprous, unchaste cry of feline concupiscence. Femms's sibilant ejaculation motivated a flitting shadow; the gashed silence seemed to lick its wounds; there was stillness, but not, for James Femms, peace.

Rising, later in the night, convinced at last that his

THE PORTE-CHAPEAUX OF NOISETTE À CHEVAL

"Rising in the night, troubled over the yearning of the bassines to be reunited to their original source."

spirit was troubled by the yearning of the bassines to be reunited to their original source, he bore them down and left them in the embrace of the *porte-chapeaux*.

Sleep coquetted with him, now, a sleep of caprice, through which, more remotely, James Femms continued to respond to that inanimate yearning, palliated but still passionately unsatisfied.

IV

A DAWN of gusts, with spurts of disingenuous rain, revived James Femms; dressing, he avoided the candor of his glass, harried now by a recurrent thought of Sonoff.

He seemed, indeed, to see the old *sonneur*, abroad in this malicious weather, his battered *parapluie*, its proper service forgotten, serving him but as a staff, his garments maculate with party-colored inlays, his glorious hair unhatted.

Distantly, elusively, James Femms sensed, now, a relationship between his inchoate mental gropings and that whimsy of Mikail Sonoff. He knew that the old musician, his ears envenomed by the clack of telephone bells, suffered hideously from headache, but

did he, James Femms demanded of himself, walk bareheaded in the rains to cool that throbbing capital, or was it, perhaps, because of some sentiment less practical — because of some profound attachment to a hat, too deeply loved, which, lost at last, had moved Sonoff to vow, in this respect, perpetual celibacy? Or was it . . . ?

James Femms, percipient though he was, must have failed to draw that gossamer inference; it was an inspiration worthy of the *finesse* of Jambes des Femmes himself! He saw, now, with a sudden utter certitude, that Sonoff bared his splendid finial to the elements because a hat, any hat, must have revived and deepened his yearning for the *porte-chapeaux*, the *porte-chapeaux* of *noisette à cheval* that symbolized all the grace and splendor of Sonoff's ravished youth!

And, as if the ghostly emanations of the *porte-chapeaux* had sought him out in whatever beggar's den now harbored his decay, had called him forth and guided him hereward, Sonoff himself passed before James Femms's window, a figure of compassion, a spectacle as insidiously saddening as that Wagner Palace Car which James Femms had once beheld

"HE KNEW THE OLD MUSICIAN SUFFERED FROM HEADACHES, BUT DID HE WALK BAREHEADED IN THE RAIN TO COOL HIS HEAD OR PERHAPS BECAUSE OF SOME PROFOUND ATTACHMENT TO A HAT HE HAD ONCE OWNED? HAD HE LOST IT, PERHAPS, AND VOWED NEVER TO HAVE ANOTHER?"

degraded to the indignity of a nocturnal, nickel restaurant.

James Femms cried out to him, the sacrifice already made. Sonoff should have it for his own again, without money and without price!

V

"Headache? And what head would not ache, good little Jambes des Femmes?"

James Femms remembered that it was Sonoff's quaint pronunciation of his detested name that had first suggested the thought of changing it, in his secret meditations, to the softened grace, the Parisian flavor, of Jambes des Femmes. A rush of gratitude welled in him.

"Sonoff — I have guessed." He laid his hand horizontally above the pocket where he carried his priceless stylograph, filigreed in the very flower of the Rutherford B. Hayes manner. "It is the heart that aches. And I have found the cure. Come!"

Silently he led the antique *sonneur* through the *entresol* and to the porch.

"There!" He flung his hand in a wide, fine gesture.

Sonoff blinked.

"*Mon porte-chapeaux.*" He spoke with no zest, no vestige of his quondam *joie de vivre.* "I tired of it, Jambes."

"Take it. I give it back to you!" James Femms repeated the wide arc of his flourish.

"But I no longer want it." Sonoff shook his head and raised a hand to it as if in sudden pain. "I wear no 'at, mon brave Jambes. The pain — ah!"

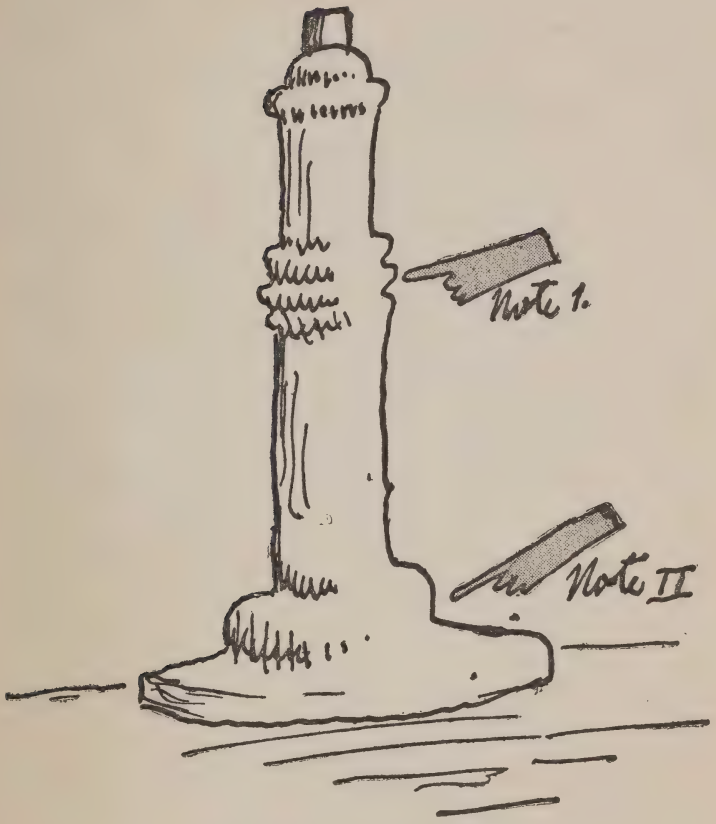
Again his features were intorted.

"You won't take it?" James Femms disbelieved. Surging up in his consciousness, innegable, compelling, he felt that conviction of mute, poignant yearning for reunity which had obsessed him from the first.

"I cannot. It saddens me to behold it. It stirs, *mon vieux*, memories. Ah — the pain — the pain." He pressed spatulate fingers to his temples and a groan forced passage between his teeth. "It comes back to me at the sight."

"It makes your head ache — the *porte-chapeaux?*" James Femms regarded him incredulously.

"But yes. It was then that they began, the headaches — the night that the becket lost itself. I woke,



THE BECKET (ACTUAL SIZE)

Note 1. The perfect hand-wrought groining. Note 2. Observe the accurate spleening of the old handicraftsmen.

that day, happy; they had listened, *enfin*, those adder-deaf imbeciles of the telephone; the bells were tuned at last to the F sharp; I was free from the ignominy of the E —— I sang, that day, my friend. I was *gaie!* I laughed as I snatched up my hat from the becket where, of old habit, I had hung it. Lightly, as a schoolboy is light, I placed it on my head; I tilted it; I was myself, the self that took them by storm that night in Philadelphia when I rang the overture from 'Wilhelm Tell,' using my feet for the *basso profundo!* All day among my new bells I was that self. And at night, returning with song in my heart and a tin of caviare and a *carache* of vodka below my arms, I was that self. But ah, when I would have slept — the pain — the pain, mon Jambes! I shudder at the thought of it! I walked the floor in torment, as how often I have walked it since."

He pressed his temples again.

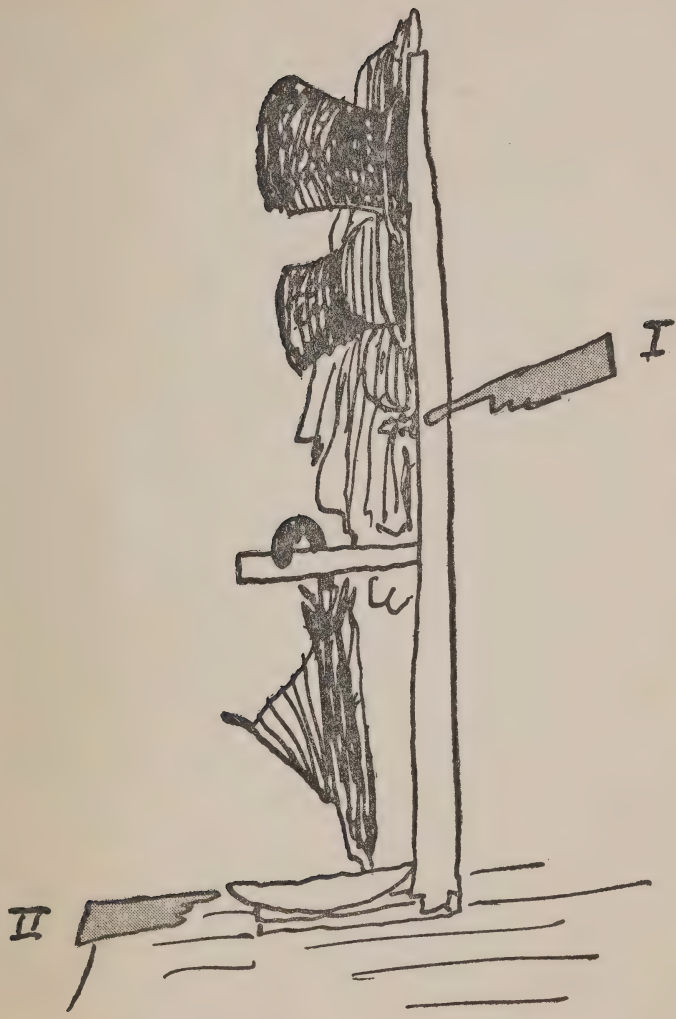
"And it was while I walked that I observed the vanishment of the becket. It was gone. I do not know where, nor how — I only know that the sight of the *porte-chapeaux* was hateful. I could not endure to behold it. I sold it, and the pain, if no less, was easier to bear."

James Femms heard him as one who listens to the opaque ventriloquial speech of dreams. Dimly, remotely, but with a dawning fervor of conviction, understanding burst in upon him. He lifted his hands in a swift, furtive movement; his fingers penetrated the plush-like silky depths of Sonoff's hair. They closed upon a surface that James Femms knew as intimately by touch as if his eyes beheld it through his worm-hole lens. Delicately, with the merciful cruelty of the surgeon, disregarding the anguished shriek of his patient, he drew forth the missing becket. A profound, shuddering sigh came from Sonoff.

With hands that thrilled voluptuously at the delicious caress of that spleened surface, but still were swift and sure to their task, James Femms replaced the becket in its emplacement and stood back, his eyes intoxicated with the charm of the perfect spleencraft, the cool, proud beauty of the hand-groined base.

The ether, like a restless, moaning sea upon which an instant calm descends, was permeated with a vast, abiding peace.

Sonoff clasped James Femms to him, kissed his cheeks.



PROFILE VIEW OF THE PORTE-CHAPEAUX OF NOISETTE À CHEVAL RECONSTRUCTED AND IN USE

I. The lost becket. II. Bassine

"The pain! It is gone! Ah, mon cher Jambes des Femmes — what can I say to you — how shall I repay you?"

James Femms said nothing. His eyes, held and fascinated, drank in the fragrant loveliness of the amber *noisette à cheval*, thrilled under the thin, silvery aroma of its melodious oneness.

He was but distantly aware of a voice, Sonoff's voice, far-away, elfin-sweet with the echoes of a hundred blending bells.

"Keep it, Jambes des Femmes, keep it always in proof and token of my gratitude! Keep it, des Femmes, in memory of Mikail Sonoff Sonoffovitch!"

James Femms did not know that he had gone.

A WORD ON POONING

By

Augustula Thomas

A WORD ON POONING

By

Augustula Thomas

NOTE: This work would be incomplete, indeed, without a few suggestions from one-who-understands and has long been *the* authority on pooning. Pooning is a highly technical term and may perhaps need definition for the benefit of laymen. Its significance is subtle, lying between that of "properly placing" and the sense conveyed by the Italian phrase "*Dove il dogagna.*" Many true lovers of the quaint-and-rare possess the patience and the means to make collections, but, when it comes to the tasteful *pooning* of these, lack the connoisseur touch that is distinctive. Madame Thomas's position as a scholarly decorator is now recognized as impeccable.

Her hints will prove lambent to many a collector. — *Eds.*

A witty Frenchman once said to Madame de Montespan that the feminine touch in decoration was *para cœli*, but without half measures! Not pausing to debate the aspersion, I may admit that I have usually found it more sympathetic to direct the replacing of beautiful old things in the houses of bachelor and widower collectors than in those of somewhat more matronly people. After which treachery to my sex, let me proceed at once to the practical. *Enfin!*

To pronounce my creed, which is synthetic and never subjective, *a priori:* Why own priceless marvels unless they are where they may be *seen?* Why lock up Coriobantini enamels, for instance, in a damp closet? The first thing I do, upon being put in charge of a collection, is to throw the vitrines out of the house. I shall never forget the amazement of the late Darrell Hazzard, of Hartford, when I thus ruthlessly began my work upon his treasures. "What!" he exclaimed. "Expose my faïence, my Louis Treize snuff-boxes, my Antoinette miniatures to the careless handling of every chance visitor? This is radicalism

RECEPTION HELD BY THE AMERICAN ACADEMY FOR THE POPULARIZATION OF ANTIQUITIES ON THE LAWN BEFORE THE ACADEMY'S BUILDING AT THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION

This reception was in honor of the election of Mme. Augustula Thomas to membership. Mme. Thomas is seen right of center in conversation with Turrbyl Dewyns (Fellow of the Academy), who wears the blue ribbon awarded by the Exposition as first prize for antiquarians. Just eastward of him Hon. P. D. Smith (Member of Congress from Arkansas) is seen courteously lifting his hat to Dr. Twitchett in recognition of the latter's talents.

with a vengeance, dear lady! I suppose next you will be placing my snuff-boxes and miniatures upon the living-room table!"

"Tush!" I replied serenely. "They are to occupy your front veranda railing." I had noticed that the railing was flat and within a few feet of the sidewalk, an ideal location for the priceless little objects, and there I had them placed. For that was where they would give the most pleasure — and it will be well for the reader to intrigue himself with the significance of this simple rule: Put your things where they will give the most pleasure. I am often asked the secret of my success, and I always reply with two words: "Simplicity! Pleasure!"

It is a mistake to clutter, as even the most *cadavre* of amateurs is aware. A touch here; a touch there — and for the rest, no cluttering! I have always considered the Metropolitan Museum a dismaying example of cluttering. One work of art is enough for one room. When I remodelled the Rockford collection of *Chinoiseries* I selected just one antique absinthe-colored jade Buddha, which was exactly an inch and three sixteenths in height, half an inch wide and three eighths of an inch in thickness. I then decided upon

one of the gallery exhibition rooms, seventeen feet in height with a floor space sixty-four feet by twenty-six, admirable proportions for my purpose. I had the floor and walls lacquered a neutral mauve, and then placed the jade Buddha in the exact centre of the floor and without a pedestal. Not even a chair or a settee was permitted within the room; the walls were without any adornment whatever, and the attention of spectators was thus concentrated upon the one work of art present, the jade Buddha. The effect, though slightly Dada and austere, was considered serene and redolent of that allure of restfulness which is distinctive.

Almost precisely similar to this was my treatment of a pair of signed Louis Seize candle-snuffers of chased silver, formerly the property of Judge Bunting Palliphet, of Peterborough, Virginia, whose ancestors entertained Rochambeau. A well-authenticated family legend had it that the snuffers were in the Count's portmanteau, which he was unable to find at the moment of his departure from Palliphet Manor; and thus it became an heirloom of the Palliphet family. The snuffers are now in the possession of Mrs. George Woll Potter, of Jersey City, who vis-

ited the Manor in 1899, during the absence of the Palliphet family, and it was in doing over the Potter house that I perceived the proper decorative value of these historic snuffers. I had a simple bit of neutral-toned rope hung between two posts outside the library windows; and suspended the snuffers therefrom, forming a vista of approach to them with two perfectly symmetrical rows of arborvitae in black-and-white tubs. The effect was harmonious and yet did not lack that touch of originality which gives the right note at the right moment.

How *few* people understand what may be done with a simple pair of brass candlesticks! Does not one weary of seeing them eternally upon a mantel? Upon a top bookshelf? Upon the gate-leg table? Upon a set-in window-sill? There we find them invariably, driving us mad with their monotony, when only a slight exertion of the imagination would give them the touch that is different, the charm that is permanent. I have found that it is only necessary to place one such candlestick in the front yard and the other in the back yard to give them a setting that is in keeping. Thus they can be seen from the windows, their sheen rich against the out-of-doors,

except at night; and then, if it seems desirable, they may be lighted. It is not necessary to bring them in when it rains. A light water-proof canopy, easily removable, may be placed over them and will be found to give complete protection, and even to add a note of color, if glazed with silver-gilt, the right shade of apricot and just touched with cerise.

Now a word of confession: it is not always the easiest thing in the world to go into a house and give it the *right* decorative note. The owners may have their own ideas and one must move tactfully. Let me give an instance, though the gentleman in question shall be nameless and designated merely as General X. He was a delightful man, elderly, a retired army officer, a manly and gallant widower, notwithstanding the fact that he possessed strong convictions that his own taste was excellent.

He had gathered about him from all parts of the world a valuable assembly of antiques, bibelots, paintings, stuffed animals, sculptures, seashells, wood-carvings, miniatures, and *petiteries*, but had so misplaced them in his halls and living-room and even in his master's rooms that one saw nothing but a heterogeneity of clutter.

I began with his master's rooms. I went through one after another of these, ordering everything — absolutely everything — removed to the garrets and cellars. Then, when all was clear, I had my assistants place one old Tutu Japanese print in each of his master's rooms — nothing more — and awaited the General's return, for he was out at the time.

He was not at first able to comprehend that the new arrangement was intended to be permanent.

"Well," he remarked, smiling pleasantly, "I see you have made a beginning, Madame Thomas."

"No," I smiled. "I have made a conclusion. Your master's rooms are finished. They now have that restfulness, that air *intime* which your master's rooms lacked until I retouched them. This is how they are to remain, General."

He was dumbfounded. "But I miss everything to which I have been heretofore accustomed!" he cried, with charming naïvete. "In my master's rooms were my favorite claw and ball feet, my inlaid knees, my carved knees, *all* my knees of curly maple and walnut! Here were my bottle drawers, my swell fronts, my double-swell fronts, my Jacob's-ladder fronts, my serpentine fronts — all the fronts I had! I wish

my fronts and knees put back the way they were. I won't have my master's rooms as empty as this!"

"This is how they are to be, however," I made retort serenely. "There is no alternative."

"What!" he exclaimed, and his face became seriously empurpled. "You mean to say I have no control over my own master's rooms? I want all my bibelots and *petiteries* back where I put them, myself. My master's rooms are my *own* master's rooms, and not yours, are they not, pray?"

"My dear General," I replied, "I know what your master's rooms should be and you do not. You do not see beauty in them now — perhaps you will not to-morrow — but wait! Within a week or ten days you will begin to feel the restful harmony I have put into them and you will be grateful."

"I won't! I won't! I won't!" he said, stamping his foot pettishly. "I want my bow-backs and my fan-backs back where they were, and I'm sorry I ever put my master's rooms into your hands! I do just wish I'd never seen you at all, Madame Thomas!"

It was then that I perceived I must use diplomacy, and I admit that if I had not been conscious of wearing a becoming hat, I might have lacked the courage.

I put my hand lightly on his arm and looked full into his reddened eyes. "General," I said softly, "I have labored hard over your master's rooms. Surely, *mon Général*, you would not have my task undone!" Then, seeing that he began to melt, I drew a little closer to him; and he set his manly brown paw over my slender fingers, smiled at me, and coughed. I comprehended that the moment had come to use my utmost diplomacy.

"Oo drate bid naughty handsome mans!" I said playfully. "If I had a dun I'd shoot oo, bang!"

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add that his master's rooms remained as I had done them, and that the dear old General and I are still the best of friends.

And now a few "Don'ts," as I call my little inhibitions. Some of them are culled from my own experience and are rather technical, being intended for the use of the beginning professional decorator, who is but too prone to find her path not always strewn with roses, by any means. Others of these little "Don'ts" of mine are for the guidance of those who, unable to afford the counsel of established experts, must fall

back upon their own taste and what they may be able to cull from tomes upon the subject. But let us see for ourselves what my "Don'ts" portend!

Don't, in arranging your bookshelves under the arch in the living-room, place your editions of Boccaccio, Brentôme, Rabelais, and Casanova on the same shelf with Burton's "Arabian Nights," "The Heptameron" Balzac's "Droll Stories," and your bound files of "Saucy Stories" and "Le Rire." The place for all of these volumes is the centre-table; or they may be scattered about the house anywhere, so that they are handy for the children to get at them.

Don't fasten coat-hangers upon the wall just above valuable water-color paintings. Wet raincoats may cause the colors to run. If your wall-space is limited, the hangers should be placed above *oil* paintings. (*Note:* This rule, being somewhat technical, need not be studied by the amateur. I should advise the beginning professional decorator, however, to pay particular attention to it, and even to con it until it is committed to memory. The place for coat-hangers is *never* over a water-color painting.)

Don't adhere too closely to periods. If you have

OLD VIRGINIA FOUR-POSTER INLAID WITH MAHOGANY

Still in use by a private collector

acquired a few *good* pieces of Egyptian furniture of the Shepherd King Period for your living-room, they may be easily combined with Sheraton or Eastlake by placing a Mingg vase or an old French fowling-piece between the two groups; or you may cover the transition by a light scattering of Mexican pottery, or some Java wine-jars.

Don't hang your Boucher pastels on the same wall with your stuffed moose-head. The proper place for the moose-head is over the shower-bath, where it can be fitted by any good plumber with a nozzle and used as a fixture.

Don't attempt to do too much in the boudoir. The boudoir is a place for restful repose and should be kept quiet. A few simple hangings, a coquettish rosette or two of bright-colored ribbon attached to the shutters, a *pince-nez* over the mantelpiece, a couple of Waterford crystal chandeliers with a light rod of dull brass between them from which to suspend either a samovar or an old ship model — these touches will be found sufficient to combine the charm of an intimate interior with the lure that intrigues.

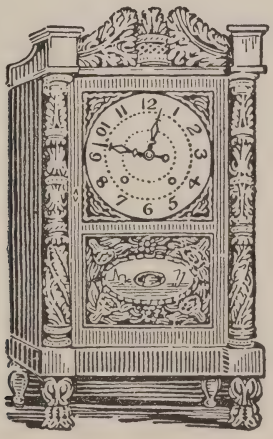
Don't attempt to use alfalfa as a decoration for mirror- and picture-frames. I know that this has been

widely attempted, but the effect is never good. Alfalfa has no place in the best interiors. Its place is out-of-doors and it should be kept there. This is a point upon which I have the strongest convictions, and what I usually say to beginning decorators who insist upon using alfalfa in the home is answer sufficient, I am sure. "Do you expect your client to entertain horses?" I inquire. "If not, then the place for alfalfa is where it will be convenient for the horse, but not in the living-room and not in the reception-room. No, not even in the *entresol.*" I admit that there was a charm in the customs of our ancestors under Garfield and Arthur, when cat-tails and sumach were thus employed, and I find the tendency to return to them rather intriguing; but alfalfa produces an effect too stringy and tends to clutter. Let us have no more of it.

Finally, don't paint your front hall water-cooler with floral scenes. Go to some good marine painter and instruct him to make a decoration in keeping with the purpose of the cooler. There is water inside the vessel, is there not? Then let him paint water outside. Better still, coat your cooler with mucilage and lightly spray powdered mica upon it. But *don't,*

whatever you do, attempt to ornament your cooler with festoons of gilt tassels. Your cooler is not the place for tassels. I know it is done, but my last and only word on the subject is, Don't. Tassels of *any* kind are absolutely out of key on your cooler. They should be kept for your umbrella, where they will give that personal touch that is distinctive.

These constitute most of what dear old General X used frolicsomely to call my "little Don'ties," and if they prove of some inspiration to the beginning decorator or even to the commencing householder, this work will not have been written in vain.



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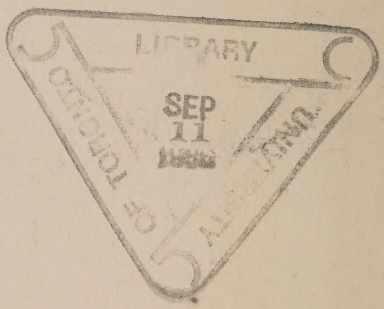

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